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# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

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## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CAPT. ALBRIGHT IS KNOWN TO MANY  
AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT INVENTORS,  
BUT ONLY A TRUSTED FEW KNOW THAT  
IT IS HE, DONNING THE BLAZING UNIFORM  
THAT SPELLS TERROR TO EVIL FORCES,  
WHO BECOMES THAT IRON-FISTED  
FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM—CAPT. MIDNIGHT!



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VICTORY!

SGT. TWILIGHT  
THE GREAT  
MAGLIDER!

CAPT. MIDNIGHT  
DEADLY  
BUSINESS!

AND

FUSILLADE OF BLAZING SHORT FEATURES...  
JOHNNY BLAIR—INVENTIONS—RED SKYE  
SHORT STORY—STRATO-FACTS

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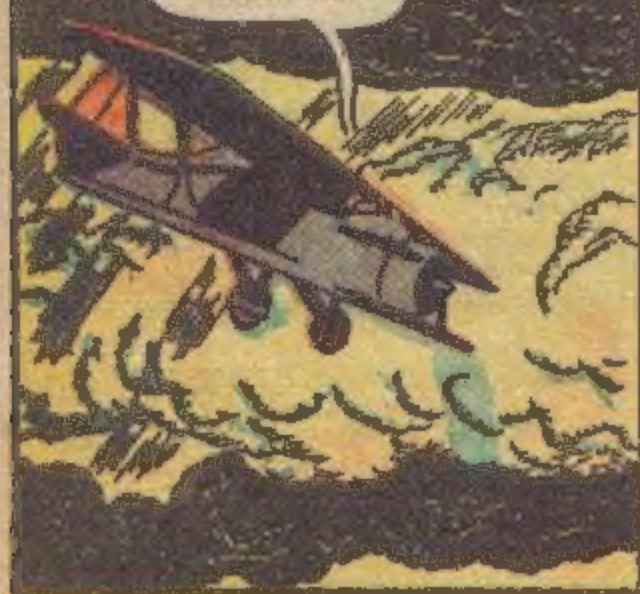
SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES, SLAVE LABOR HAS COME DOWN INTO OUR TIME! IT MAY SOUND UNBELIEVABLE, BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING UNTIL YOU'VE READ THIS STORY OF "THE

**20<sup>TH</sup>  
CENTURY  
SLAVES**"



FLYING THE BEECHCRAFT SOUTH, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ENCOUNTERS A VIOLENT STORM!

THIS BLOW HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A TROPICAL STORM! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ONE HERE IN THE U.S!



WOW! THIS MUD FLAT'S THE LAST PLACE I'D PICK FOR A LANDING, BUT RIGHT NOW IT FEELS LIKE SOLID GROUND--- OH-OH! THERE GOES MY WING!!

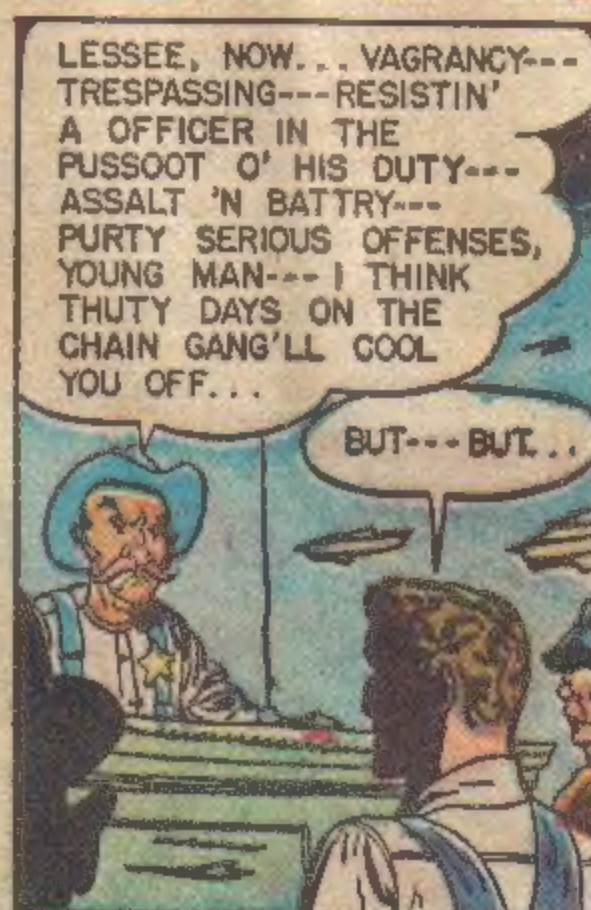


I'D BETTER CHANGE INTO OVERALLS BEFORE THE MUD COVERS ME! HOPE I CAN BUY REPAIR PARTS IN THE NEAREST TOWN...



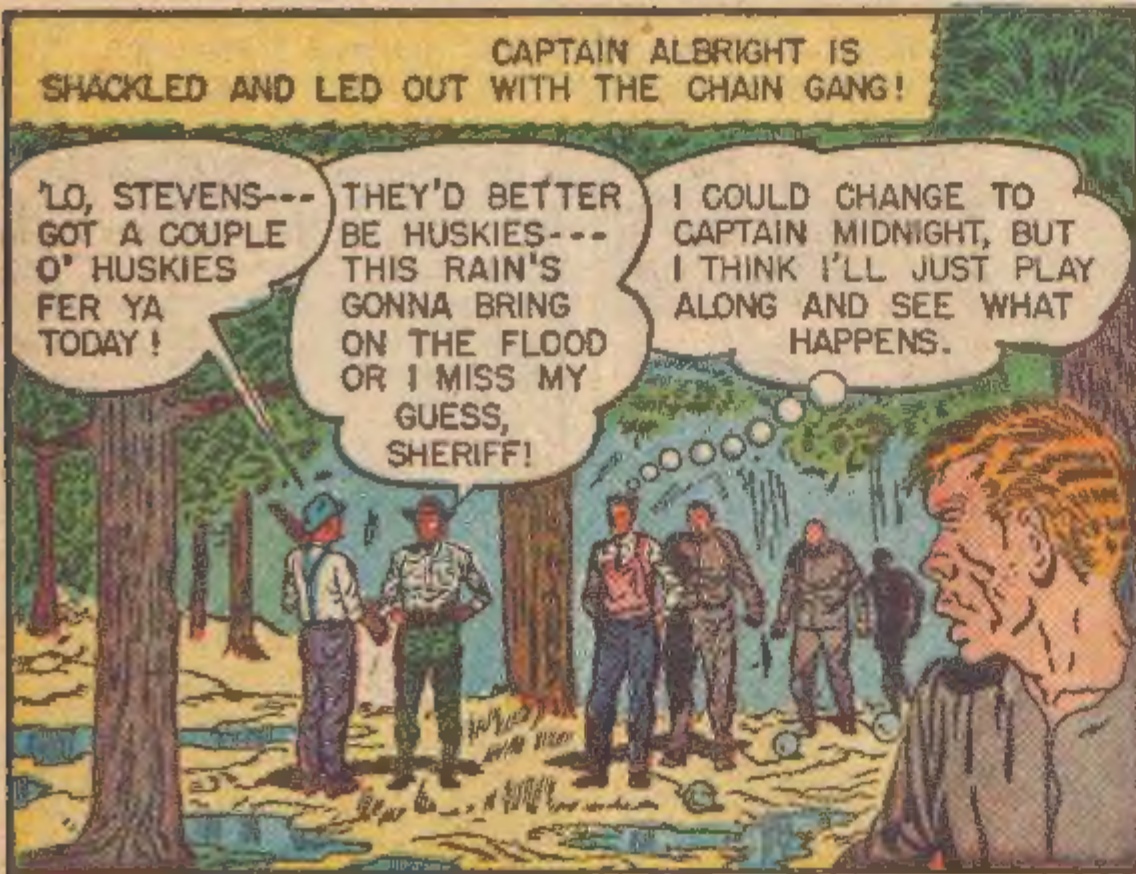


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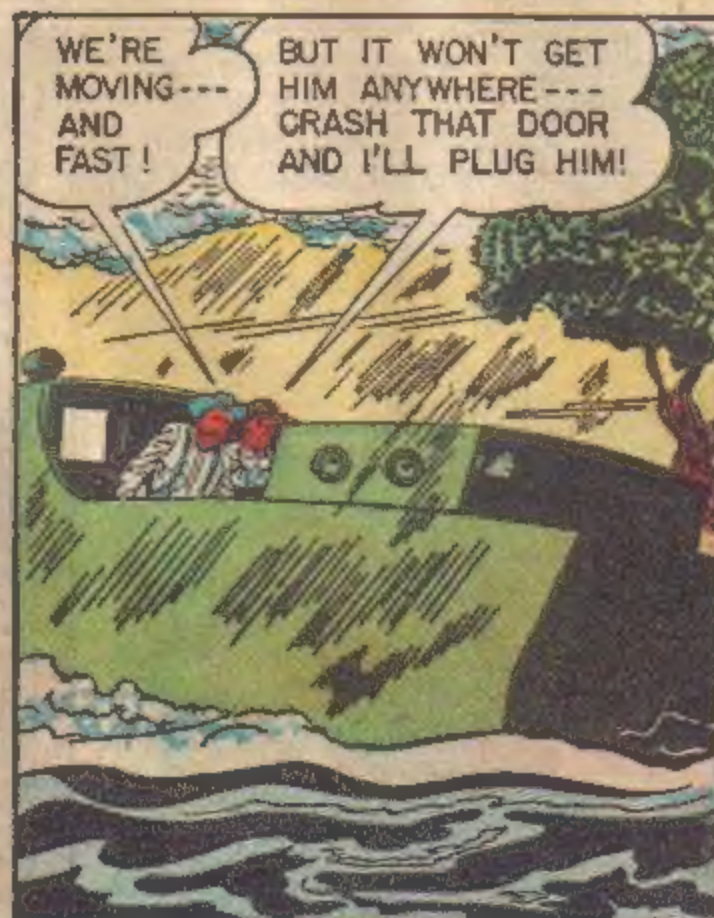
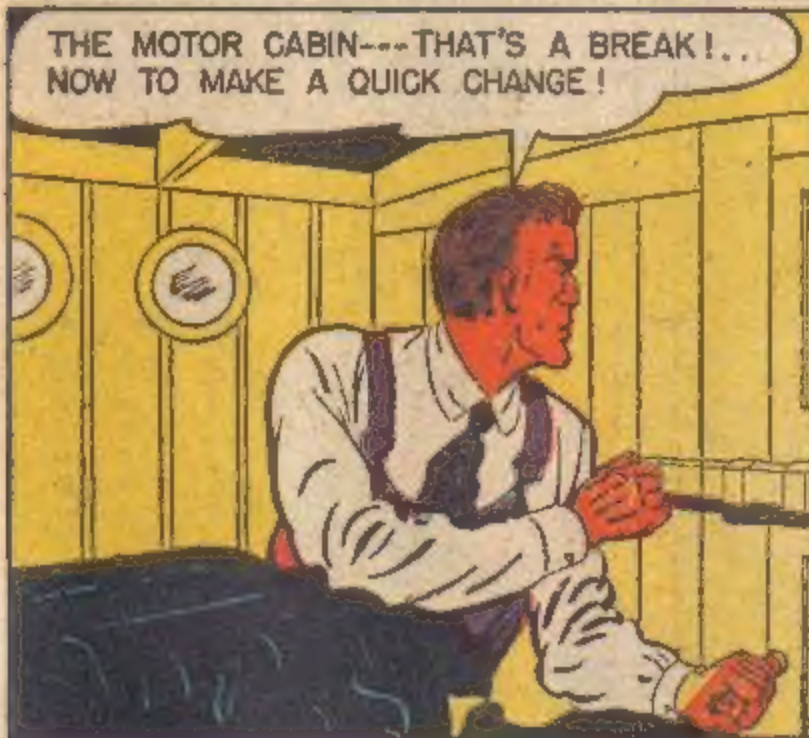


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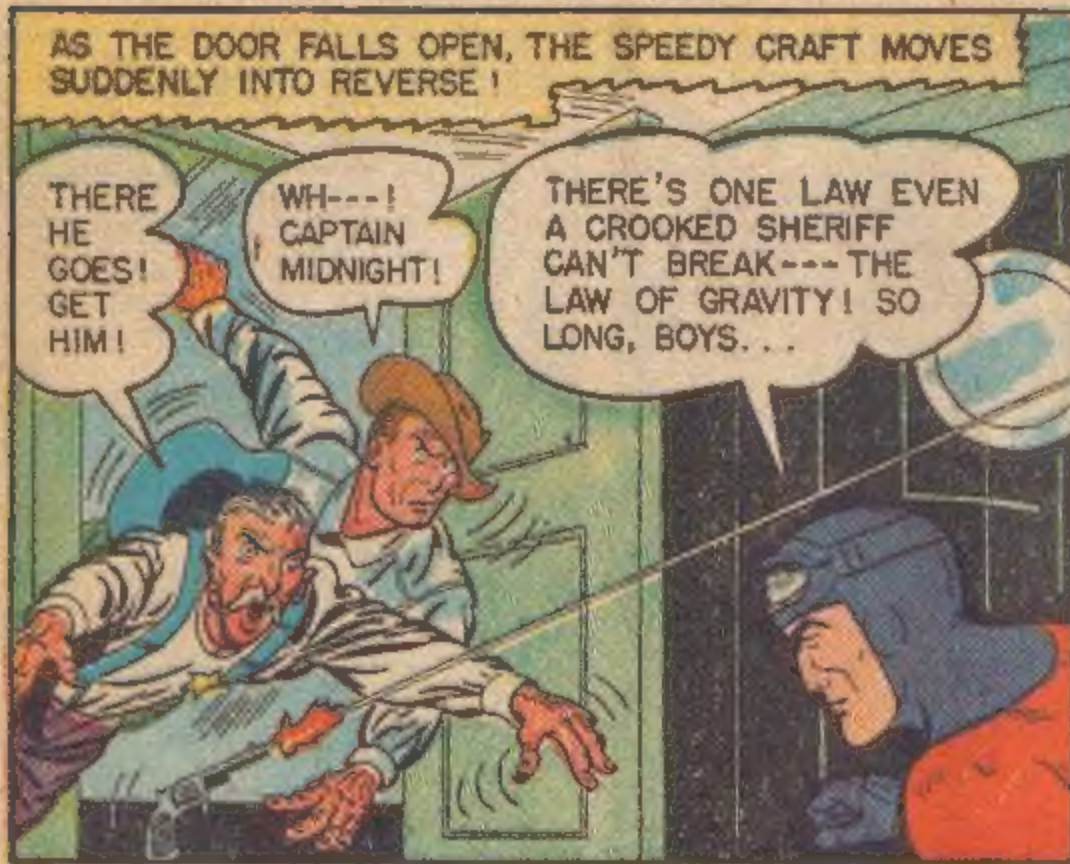


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

INSTEAD OF A BROKEN  
AIRPLANE, I'VE A BROKEN  
SEAPLANE---



MEANWHILE THE STRANDED  
PRISONERS STRUGGLE AGAINST  
THE RISING FLOOD!

JUST A COUPLE OF MINUTES  
MORE! LOOK! SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



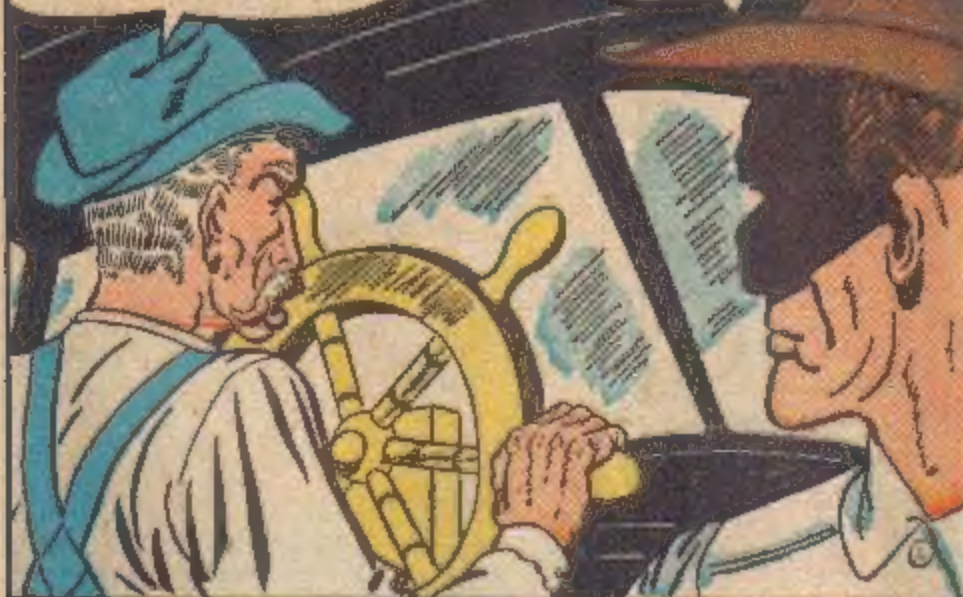
IT'S THE  
PLANTER!  
HELP! THE  
WATER'S  
RISING!  
SAVE US!

THERE THEY  
ARE, SHERIFF!



THOSE CONVICTS  
WON'T MAKE ANY  
TROUBLE FOR US!

THEY'RE ALL WASHED  
UP, EH?



ONE O' THEM  
HEARD TOO  
MUCH FER  
OUR GOOD,  
BUT DEAD  
MEN DON'T  
TALK!

THEY DON'T WORK,  
EITHER! YOU'LL HAVE  
TO GET ME A NEW  
CREW AS SOON AS  
THE WATER SETTLES!



THEY  
CAN'T  
LEAVE  
US TO  
DROWN  
HERE!

BUT  
THEY'VE  
GONE!  
IT'S  
TOO  
LATE!

HEY!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?...  
A PLANE  
WITH  
LOGS FOR  
PONTOONS!



HURRY---CLIMB UP  
ON THE WING!



EVERYONE  
ABOARD?  
WE'D  
BETTER  
HEAD  
FOR  
SOLID  
LAND!

WHAT ABOUT  
THOSE GUYS  
IN THE BOAT?  
THEY JUST  
SAILED OFF  
AND LEFT US  
TO DROWN!





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



HERE-- - THESE HACK SAWS WILL CUT THROUGH YOUR SHACKLES!

THEN MAYBE YOU'LL FLY OVER THAT BOAT AND WE CAN DROP THEM ON THEIR HEADS---



PULL OVER!

HA! THINK YA KIN CATCH US WITH THAT LOAD?



EVEN IF THE WING WEREN'T BROKEN, THE PLANE COULDN'T LIFT ALL THIS WEIGHT, BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE THAT BOAT A RACE ALL THE SAME!



IF THE STORM DOESN'T ROUGH UP THE WATER ENOUGH, THIS OUGHT TO! I'VE FASTENED THE BALL AND CHAIN TO THE PROPELLER!



THE SPINNING BALL AND CHAIN LASH THE WATER INTO A FRENZY!

BET THEY DIDN'T EXPECT A MAN-MADE STORM!



STOP! STOP! WE'RE--- GLUG....

I GIVE UB-BLUB!

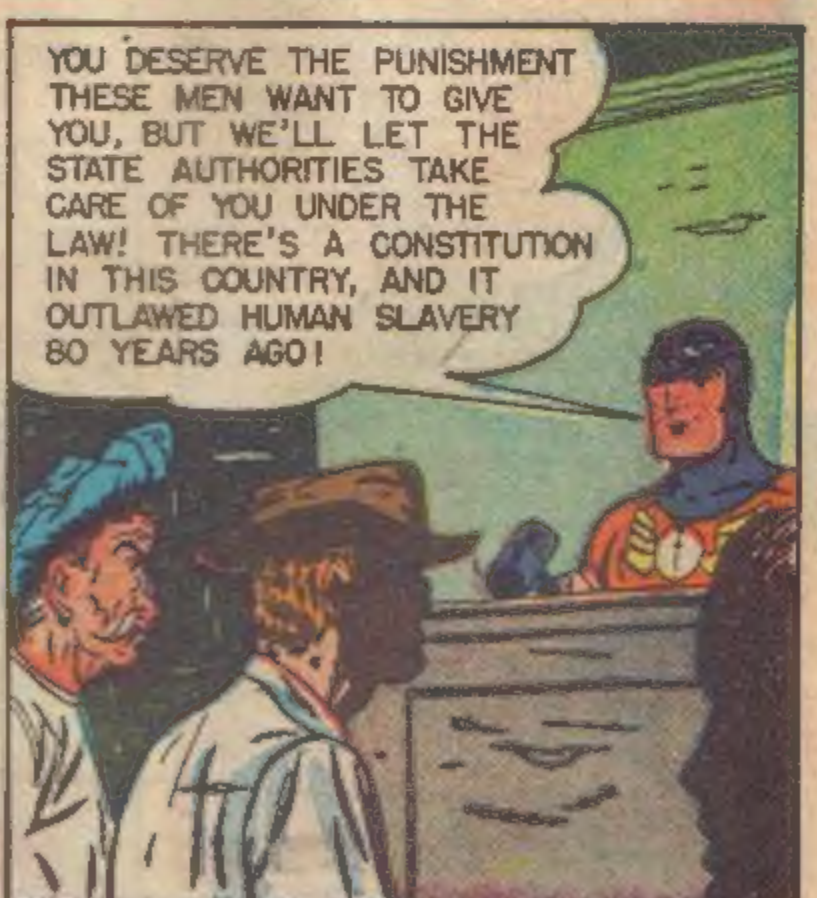


LATER...

THOSE CROOKS GAVE ME SIXTY DAYS FOR DRIVING 20 MILES AN HOUR!

ME, TOO! LET'S LOCK THEM UP FOR LIFE!

THESE RATS HAVE SENT MANY MEN OUT OF HERE IN CHAINS, BUT I'LL BET IT'S THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE FELT IT THEMSELVES!



YOU DESERVE THE PUNISHMENT THESE MEN WANT TO GIVE YOU, BUT WE'LL LET THE STATE AUTHORITIES TAKE CARE OF YOU UNDER THE LAW! THERE'S A CONSTITUTION IN THIS COUNTRY, AND IT OUTLAWED HUMAN SLAVERY 80 YEARS AGO!



CHAMPION  
OUTFIELDER  
OF THE WORLD'S  
CHAMPION  
DETROIT  
TIGERS

# ROGER 'Doc' CRAMER

THINK  
I'LL STRUM  
ONE OVER  
SECOND

DOC IS KNOWN AS A "BANJO HITTER" BECAUSE HE DOESN'T USUALLY CONNECT FOR DISTANCE. BUT AT THE END OF THE 1945 SEASON HE HAD **PLUNKED OUT 2,603 HITS** -- A NOTE SOUNDED BY FEW BIG LEAGUE STARS

YOU MUST'VE  
HAD YOUR  
WHEATIES

WHAT  
BESIDES  
WHEATIES?

CRAMER'S OUTSTANDING RECORD IS TWICE MAKING SIX HITS IN SIX TRIES DURING A SINGLE GAME. ONLY TWO OTHER MAJOR LEAGUER'S HAVE EVER DONE A DOUBLE TAKE ON THE "SIX FOR SIX" ROUTINE

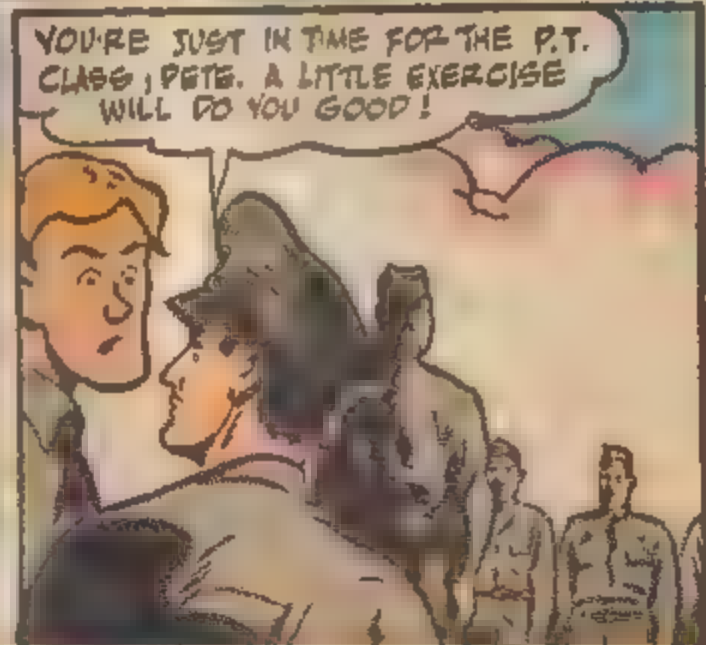
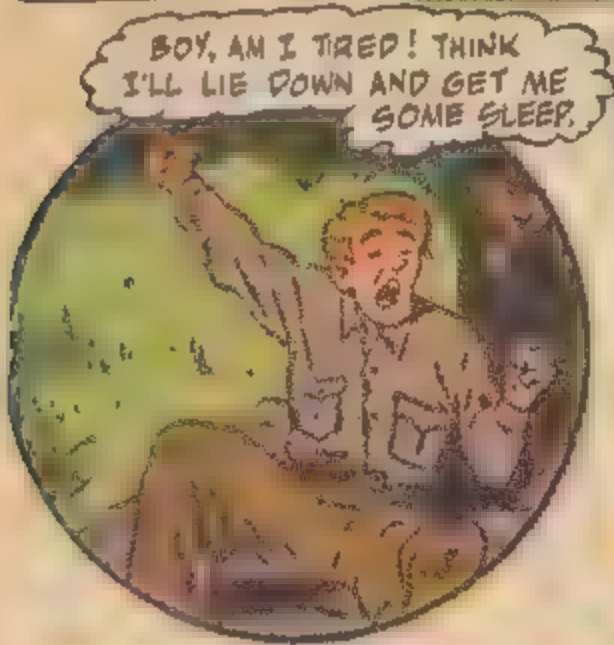
YEP!  
THAT'S HOW  
TO DO IT

"FROM WHAT I NOTICE AROUND OUR BALL CLUB, WHEATIES ARE THE **TOP CHOICE BREAKFAST DISH**," REPORTS DOC CRAMER. "YES, WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT GET A BIG PLAY FROM THIS GANG -- AND FROM ME. I'M SURE YOU'LL GO FOR THAT FAMOUS 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' TOO -- WHEN YOU GET ACQUAINTED WITH WHEATIES CHAMPION NOURISHMENT, SWELL-TASTING FLAVOR."

"IF YOU WANT TO HIKE YOUR BATTING AVERAGE, I CAN GIVE YOU SOME EASY ADVICE," SAYS DOC CRAMER. "STUDY THE FORM OF FAMOUS BIG LEAGUE HITTERS IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK, 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?' (THE OFFENSIVE GAME)." USE COUPON ON YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



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FROM THE FILES OF THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.



PATENT NO. 359, 921.  
MAR. 22, 1887  
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SPECIAL MODEL FOR "STOOL PIGEONS!"



GET AN EXTRA ONE FOR THE COW! AFTER ALL, SHE MIGHT LIKE TO SIT DOWN, TOO!



ALSO AN INDISPENSABLE APPURTENANCE FOR BUS AND TROLLEY RIDERS! NO MORE HANGING FROM STRAPS! NO MORE WRANGLING OR WRESTLING WITH YOUR FELLOW TRAVELERS! CARRY YOUR OWN SEAT!





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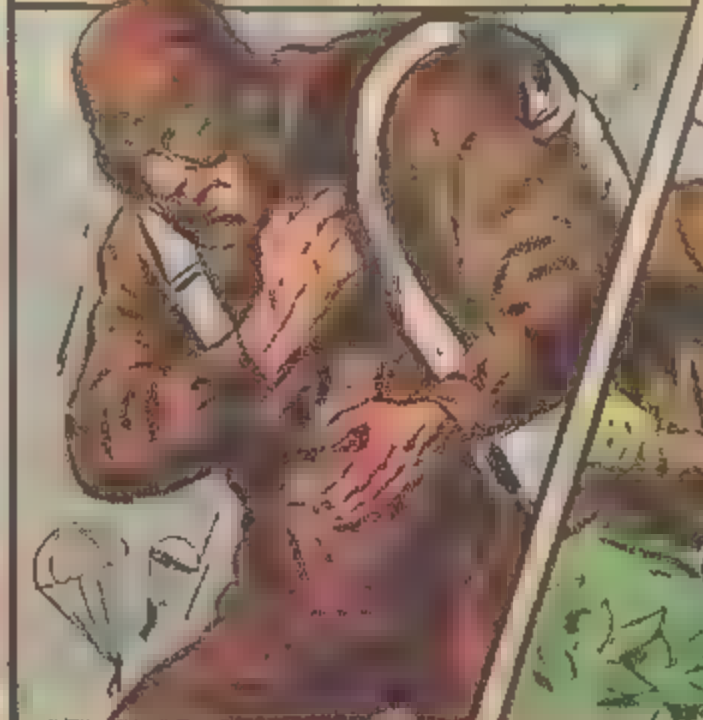
HOW WELL WOULD YOU MAKE OUT IF YOU WERE TRAPPED ON A JUNGLE ISLE? MEAT RATIONING IS NO PROBLEM FOR CAPT. MIDNIGHT, BUT HE FINDS PLenty OF FOOD FOR THOUGHT WHEN A HOSTILE JAP FORCE TRIES TO USE HUNGER AS A WEAPON. THIRSTING FOR VENGEANCE, THE JAPS DISCOVER THAT IN AN AMERICAN'S ALPHABET, V IS FOR VICTORY, BUT ALSO V STANDS FOR VOLCANO

OFFICIAL  
WAR  
STORY

AS THE PACIFIC WAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE, TERROR AND DESTRUCTION BECOME FREQUENT VISITORS TO THE CITIES OF JAPAN.



BUT THE DAMAGE IS NOT ALL ON ONE SIDE. YANK PLANES ARE HIT AND YANK FLEETS MUST JUMP FOR LIVES...



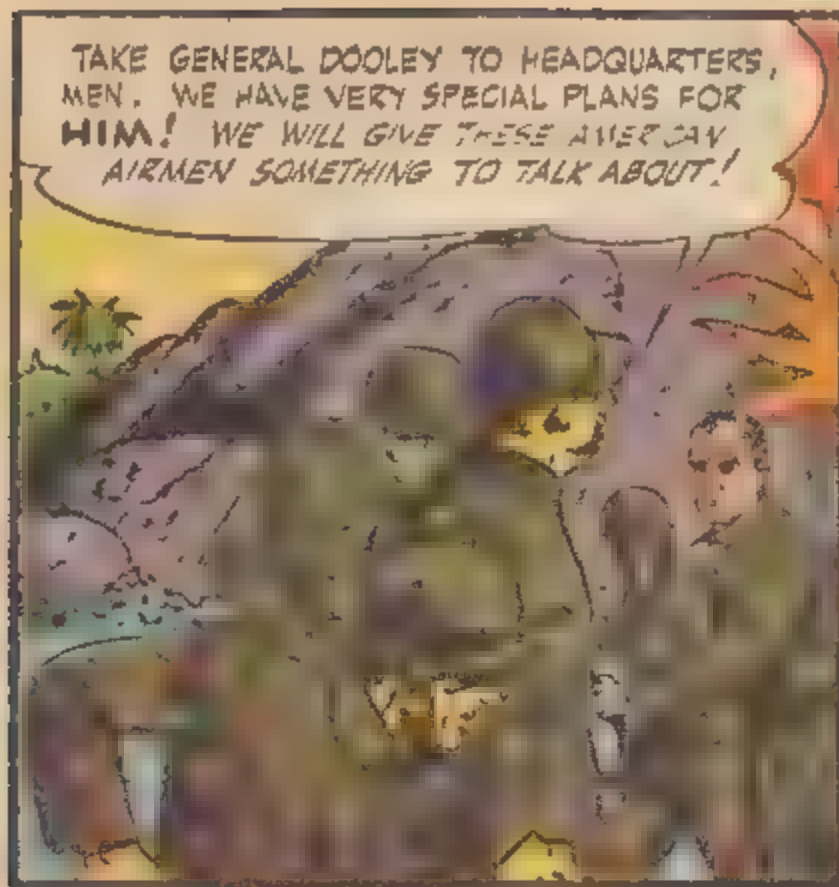
GEN DOOLEY! I AM VERY HONORED TO CAPTURE FAMOUS OFFICER WHO HAS PLANNED THESE TERRIBLE RAIDS!

DON'T IMAGINE THEY'LL LET UP JUST BECAUSE I'M YOUR PRISONER!

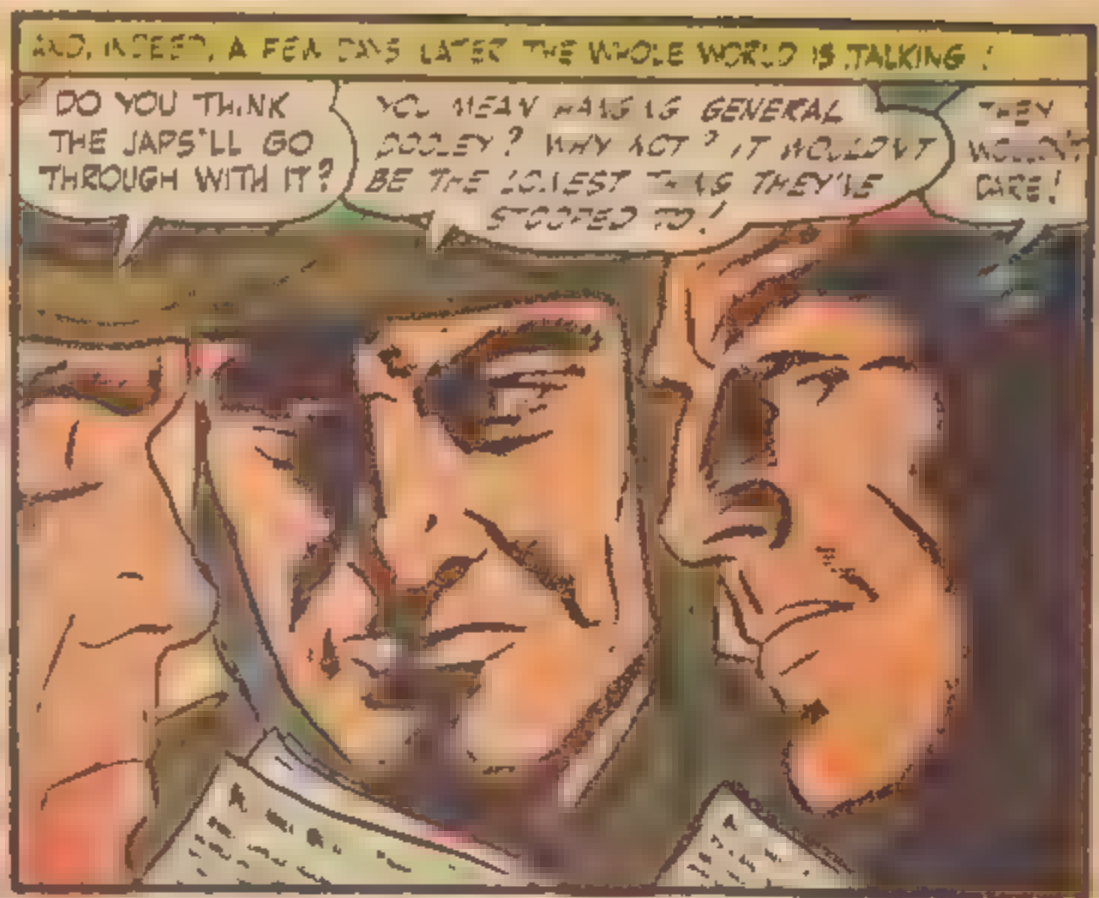




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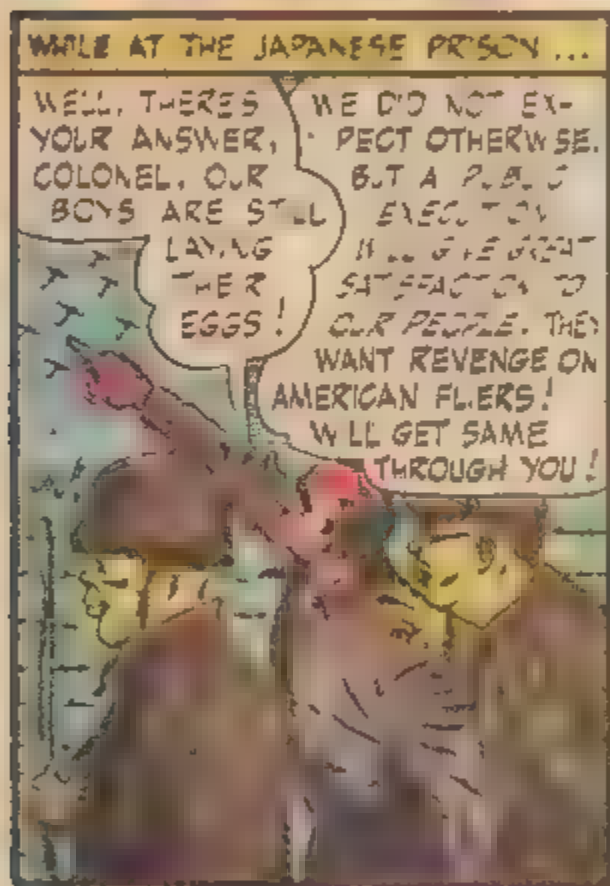
TAKE GENERAL DOOLEY TO HEADQUARTERS, MEN. WE HAVE VERY SPECIAL PLANS FOR HIM! WE WILL GIVE THESE AMERICAN AIRMEN SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT!



DO YOU THINK THE JAPS'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT?

YOU MEAN HANGING GENERAL DOOLEY? WHY NOT? IT WOULDN'T BE THE NICEST THING THEY'VE STOOPE TO!

THEY WOULDN'T CARE!



WHILE AT THE JAPANESE PRISON...

WELL, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, COLONEL. OUR BOYS ARE STILL LAYING THEIR EGGS!

WE DID NOT EXPECT OTHERWISE, BUT A PUBLIC EXECUTION IS A GREAT SATISFACTION TO OUR PEOPLE. THEY WANT REVENGE ON AMERICAN FLIERS! WE'LL GET SAME THROUGH YOU!



HEY! A PRISON'S NO MILITARY OBJECTIVE!



ENTER: CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

THAT BOMB HAS DISTRACTED THEM FOR THE TIME-- BUT I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!



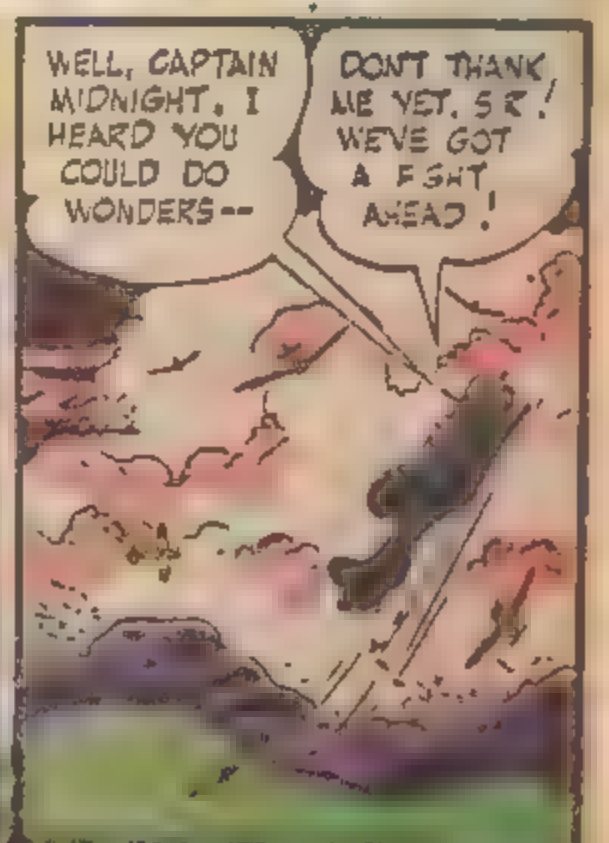
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! YOU HAVE VERY DARING BUT MOST LIKELY ATTEMPT!

SORRY, CAPTAIN! I CAN'T STOP NOW FOR CONVERSATION!



CLIMB ABOARD, GENERAL--- I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU!

YOU'RE GLAD!

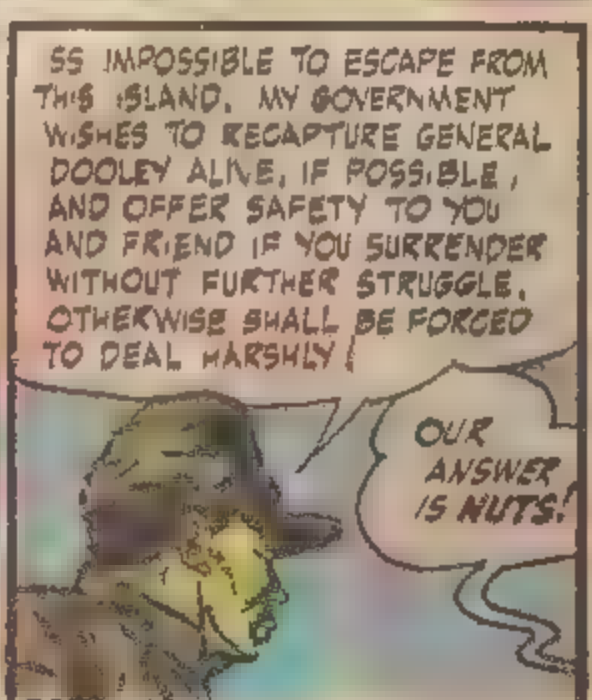
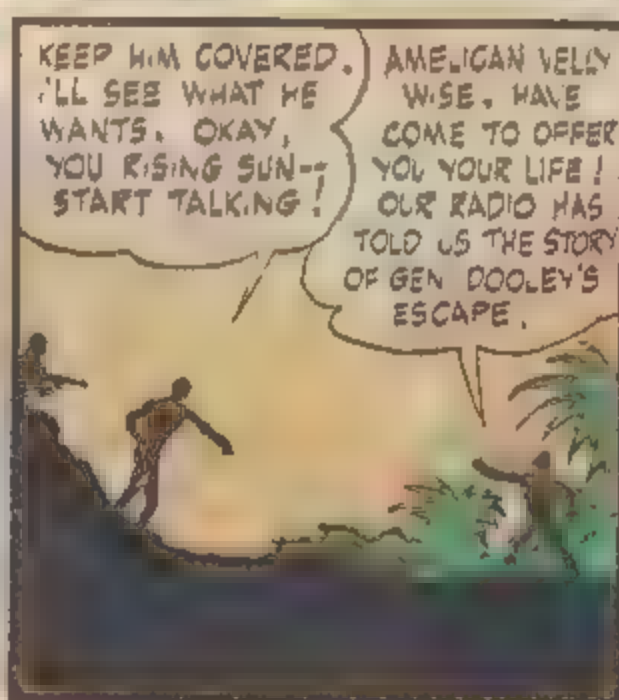
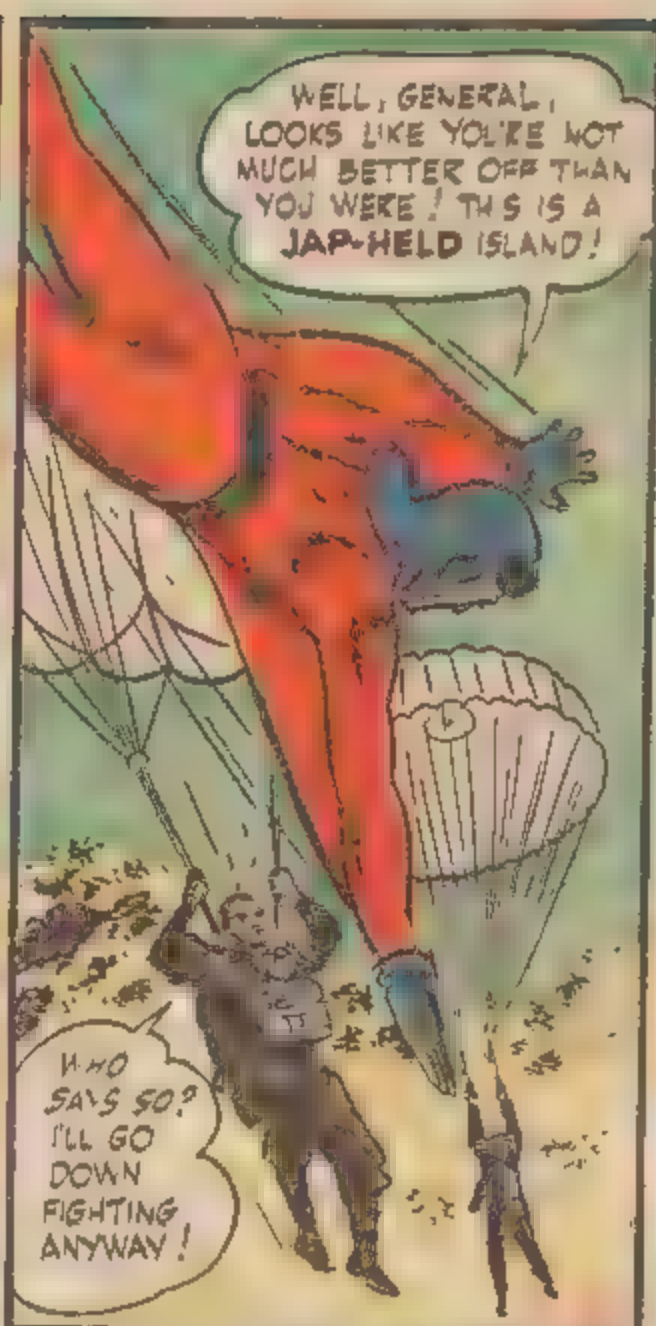


WELL, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, I HEARD YOU COULD DO WONDERS--

DON'T THANK ME YET, SIR! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT AHEAD!



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



PLEASE TO CONSIDER! CAN EASILY FINISH YOU ALL WITH ONE HAND GRENADE!

THEN START PITCHING BUT DON'T EXPECT TO TAKE US ALIVE!



AMERICANS MAKE MOST UNREASONABLE ATTITUDE. REFUSE TO ACCEPT GENEROUS SURRENDER TERMS!

YOU DID NOT ALLOW CAPT. MIDNIGHT TO SUSPECT THAT IT IS OUR DESIRE TO HANG HIM AT SAME FESTIVAL AS GENERAL? VERY WELL. WE SHALL WAIT UNTIL HUNGER TEACHES THEM WISDOM!



NOT A MOVEMENT FOR SIX HOURS! LOOKS LIKE THOSE FIENDS INTEND TO STARVE US OUT. AT THAT!

THEY'VE GOT A HEAD START ON ME WITH THE FOLLY FOOD WE HAD IN PRISON. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL US IF THEY CAN HELP IT, BUT WE CAN'T LET THEM STARVE US OUT. KEEP ME COVERED WHILE I RUMMAGE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT AND DRINK.

TRY NOT TO GO TOO FAR...



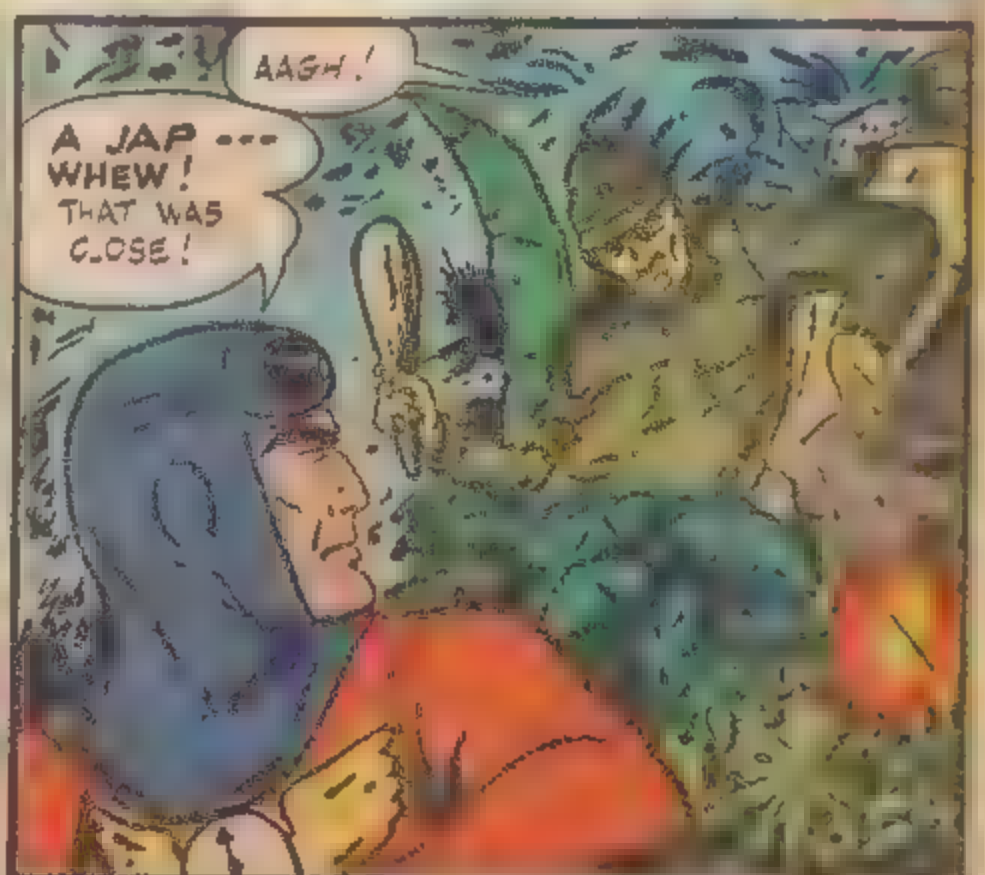
A FRESH WATER SPRING --- THAT'S A BREAK! NOW TO GET SOMETHING TO CARRY IT BACK IN.



BAMBOO TREES --- HMM --- GIVES ME AN IDEA. I THINK MY DOUBLE-TEMPERED KNIFE IS SHARP ENOUGH FOR THE TRICK.



NOW I CUT A SEGMENT BELOW THIS NODE AND I HAVE A READY FORMED CUP MADE BY MOTHER NATURE...

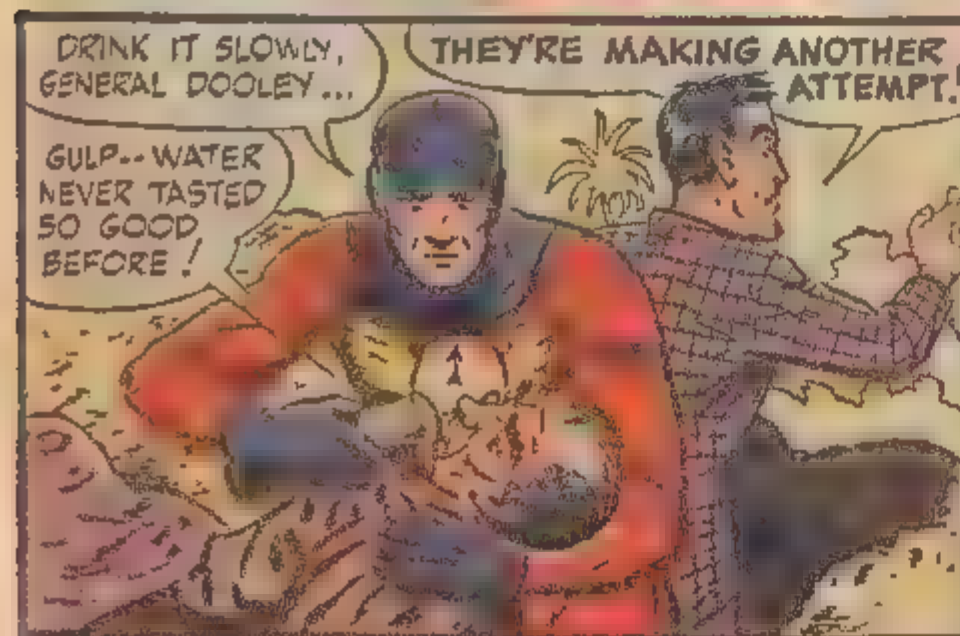
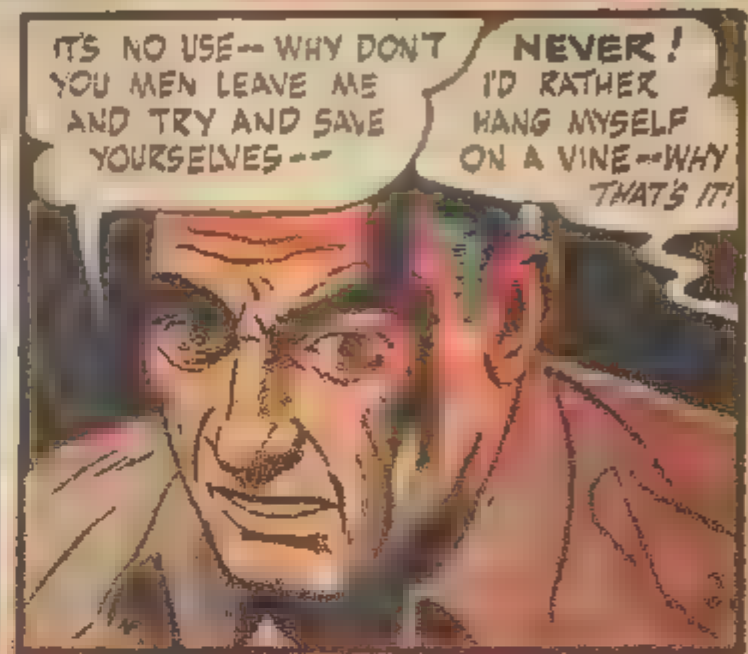
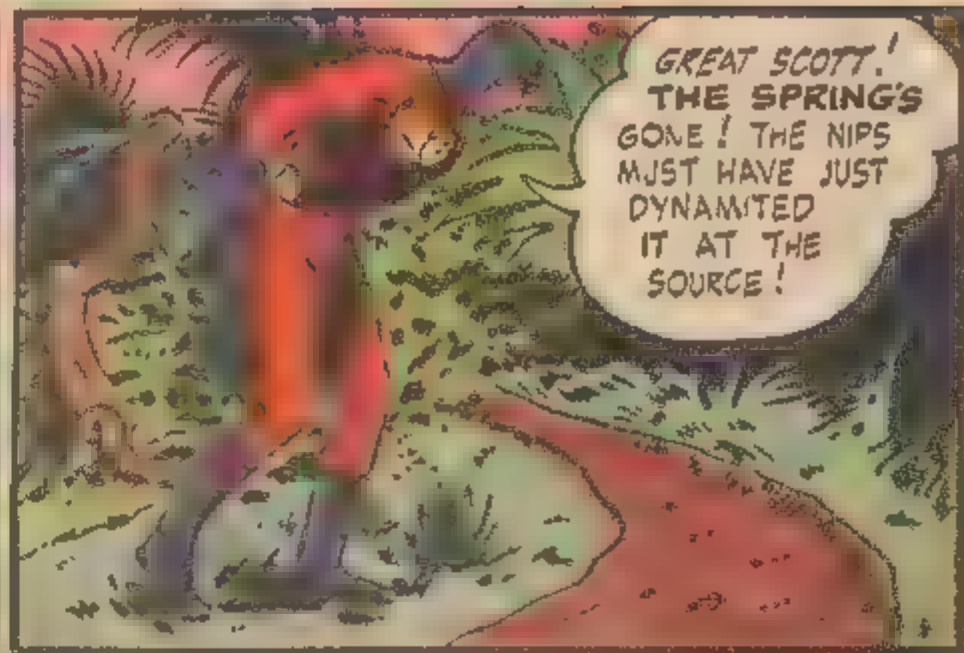
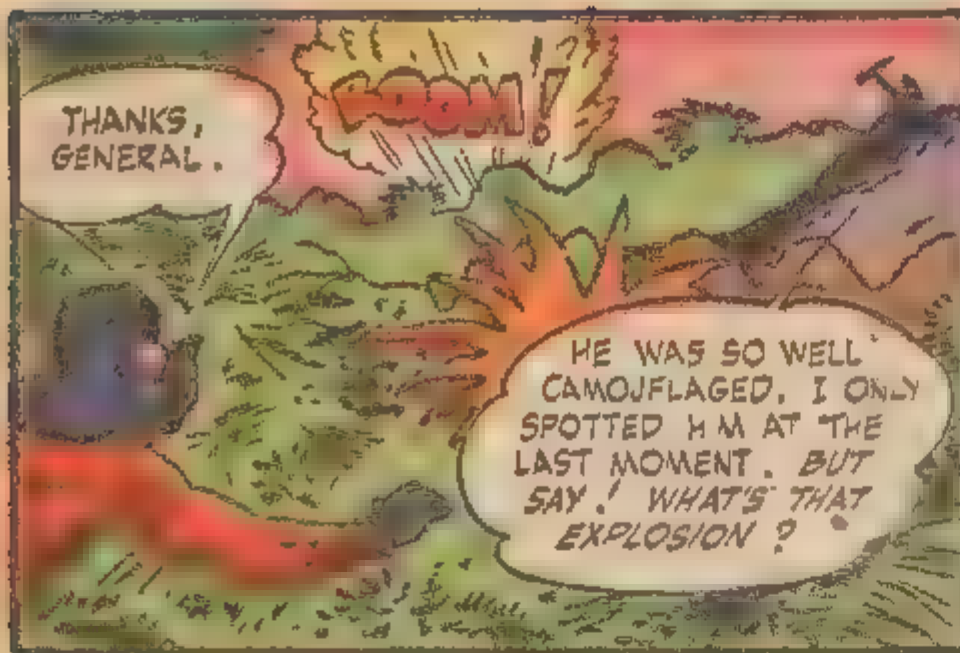


AAGH!

A JAP --- WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

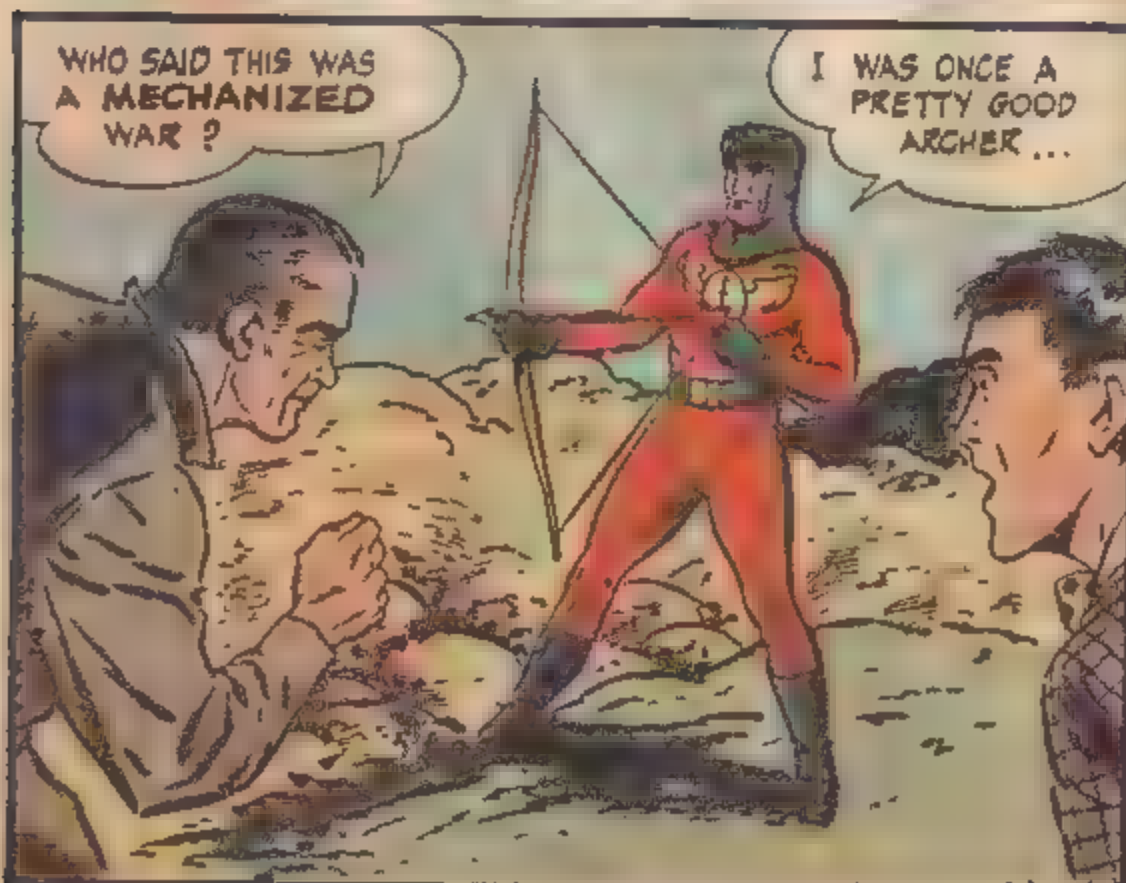
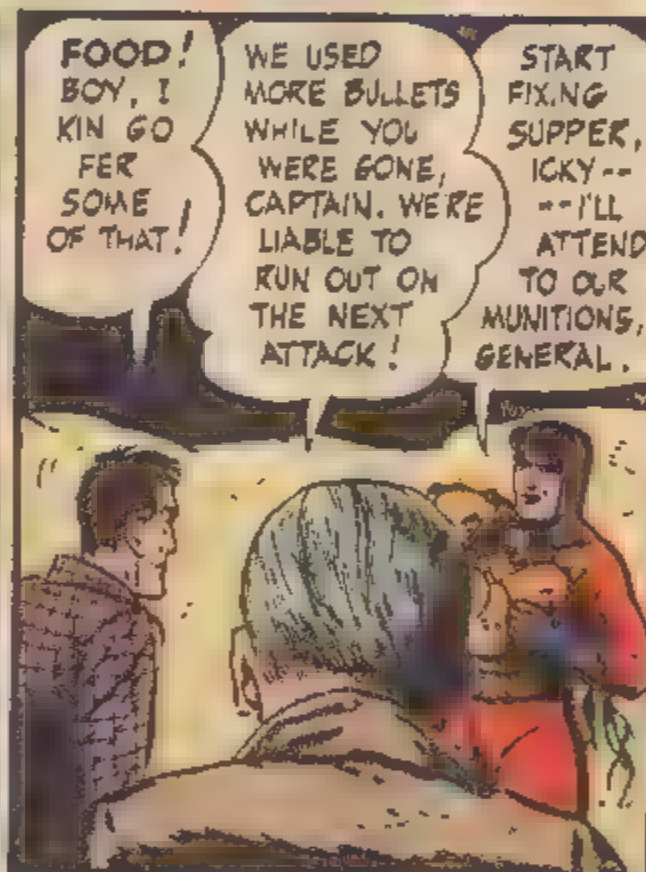
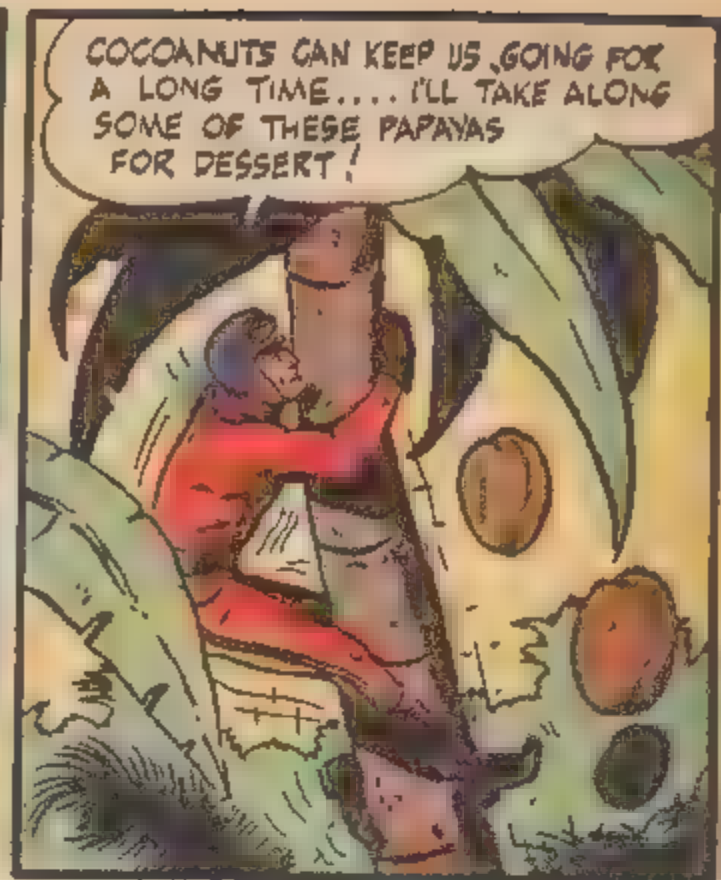
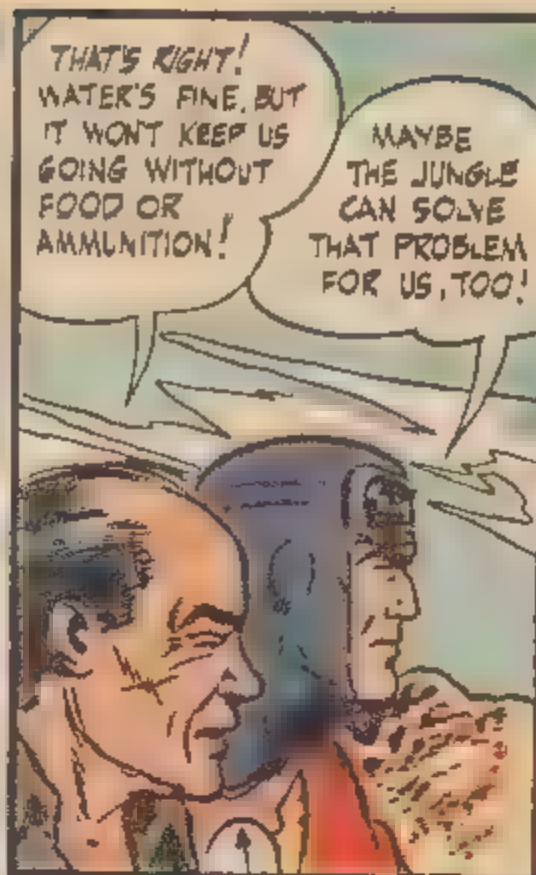


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A PLAN AND-- **HEY!** THIS ASH IS CRUMBLING!



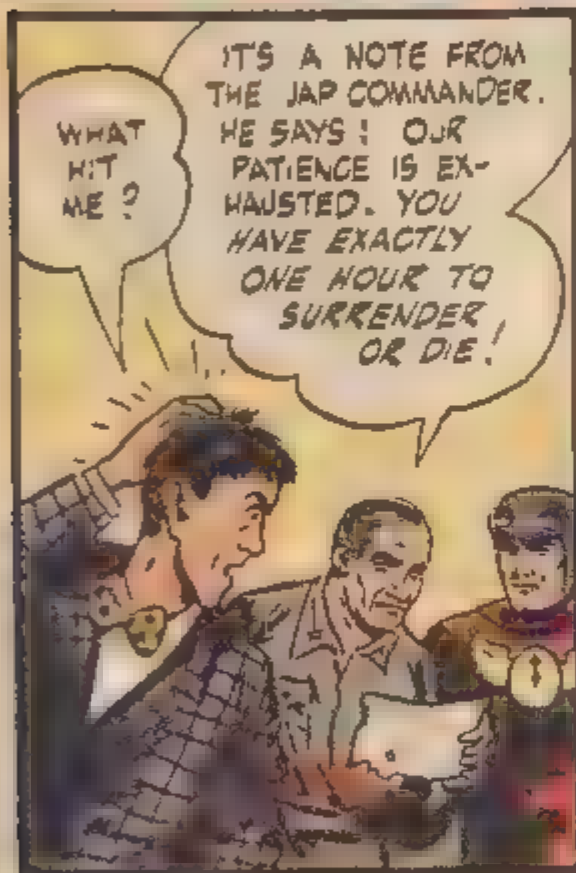
LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER CRATER UNDER THIS ASH! IT'S SOFT ENOUGH TO DIG WITH MY BARE HANDS.

THAT FREQUENTLY HAPPENS IN VOLCANOS THAT ERUPT SUDDENLY-- BUT WHERE DOES IT GET US?



WHERE? WHY IT MAY GET US OUT OF HERE-- ICKY, ROUND UP SOME STRONG BRANCHES FOR ME!

RIGHT, CAP-- OOF--



WHAT HIT ME?

IT'S A NOTE FROM THE JAP COMMANDER. HE SAYS! OUR PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED. YOU HAVE EXACTLY ONE HOUR TO SURRENDER OR DIE!



IF WE CAN CUT AWAY THE EARTH BETWEEN THE TWO CRATER OPENINGS, THE WALL WILL CAVE IN UNDER PRESSURE!



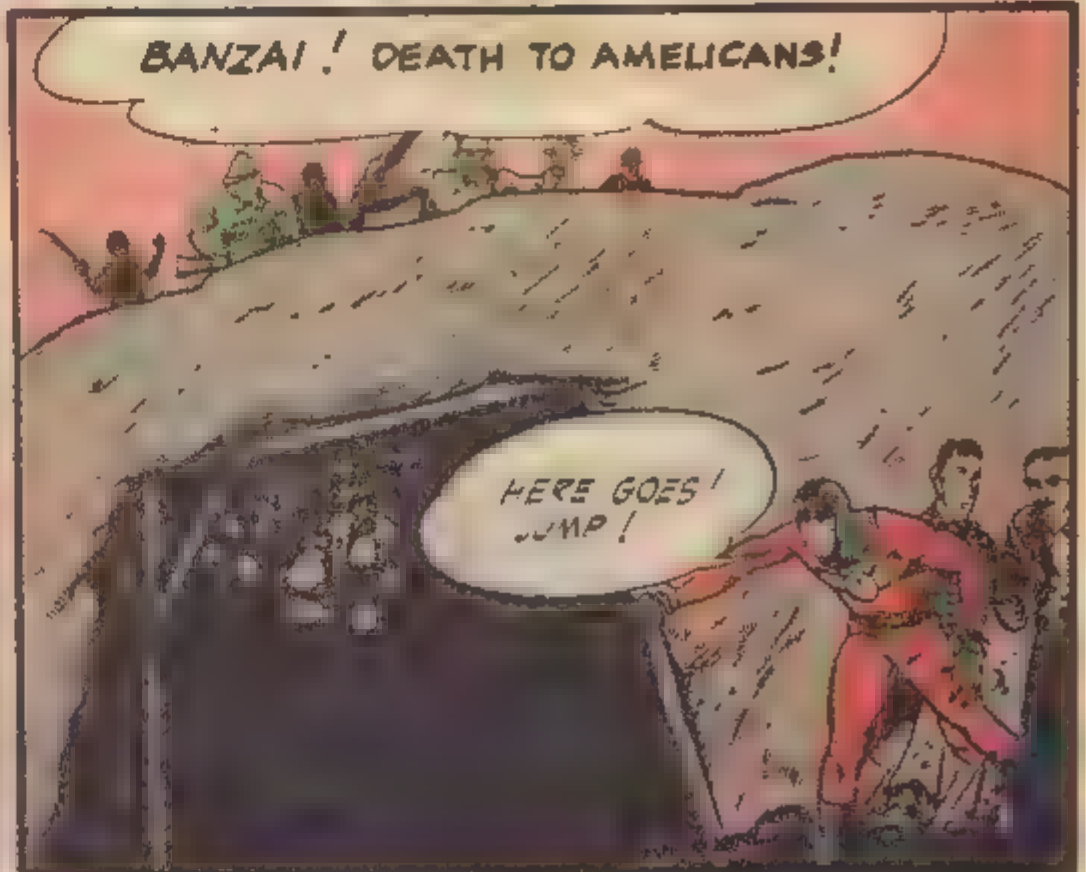
WHILE A FEW YARDS AWAY THE JAPANESE PREPARE FOR A SHOWDOWN.

**CHARGE!**



HERE THEY COME, CAP!

TAKE SHELTER IN THE CORNER TILL I YANK THIS BRANCH-- THEN RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

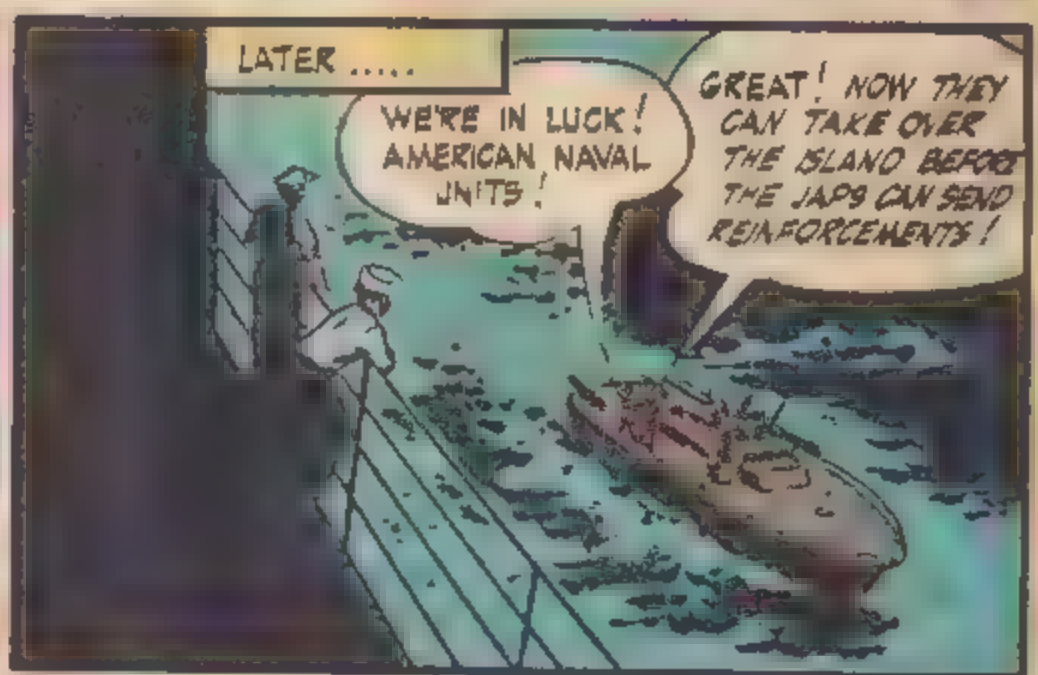
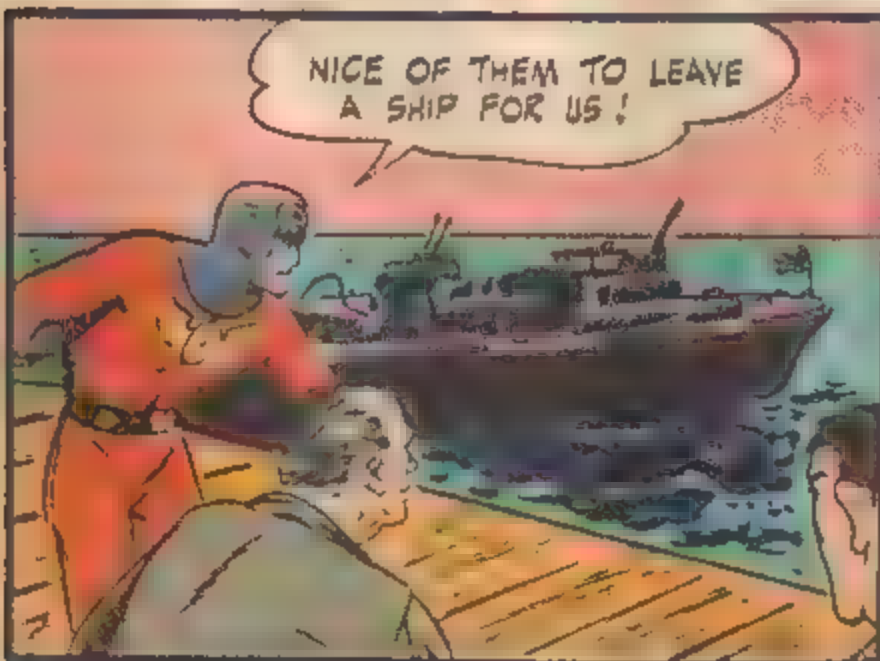
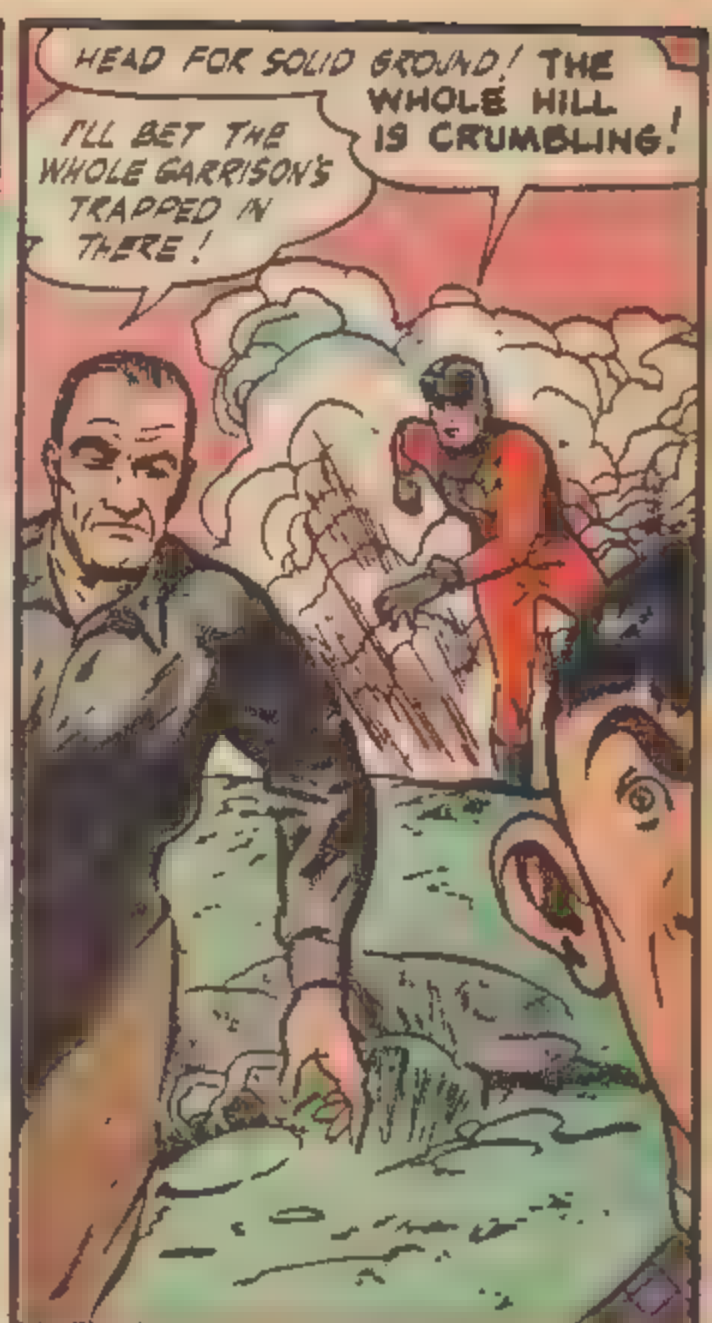


**BANZAI! DEATH TO AMERICANS!**

HERE GOES! JUMP!



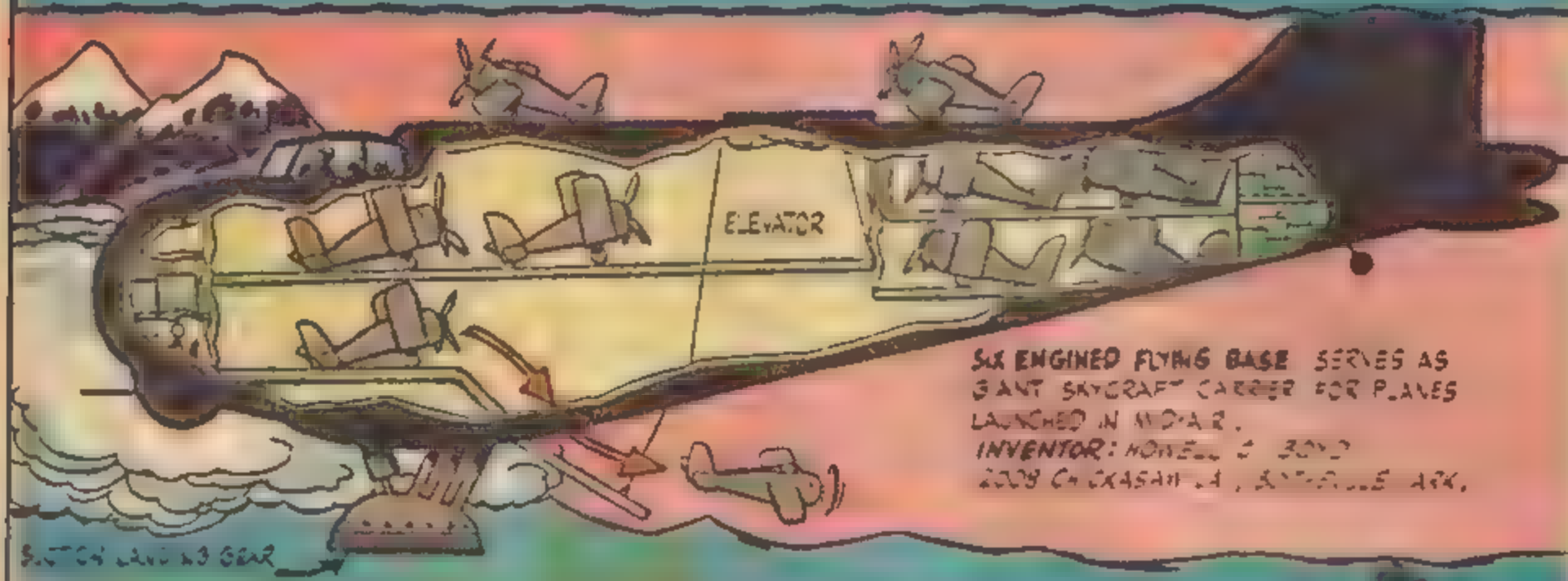
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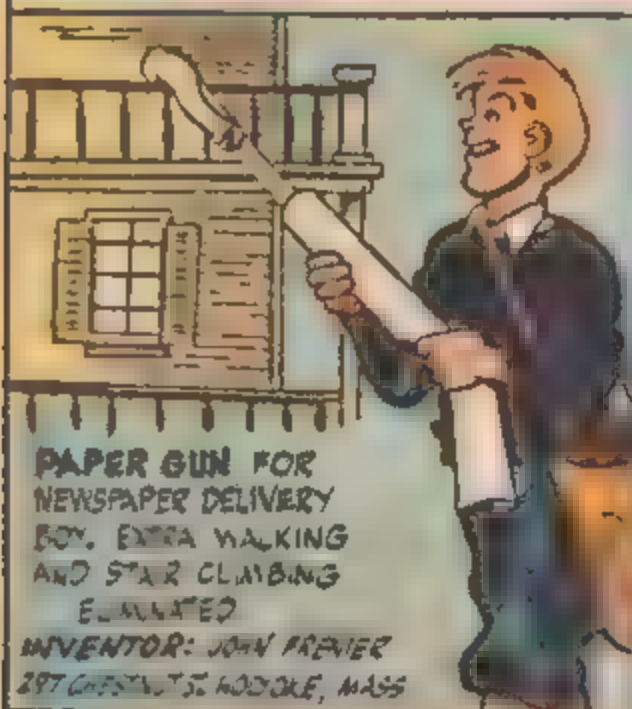


## YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

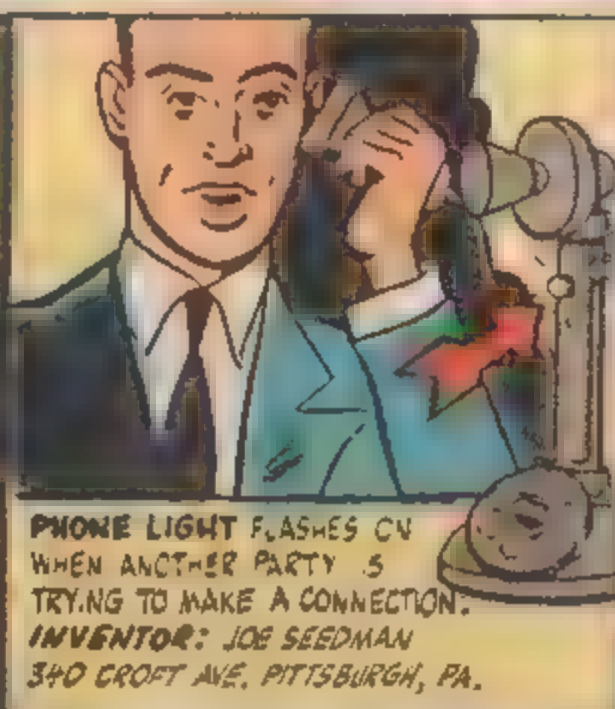
Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



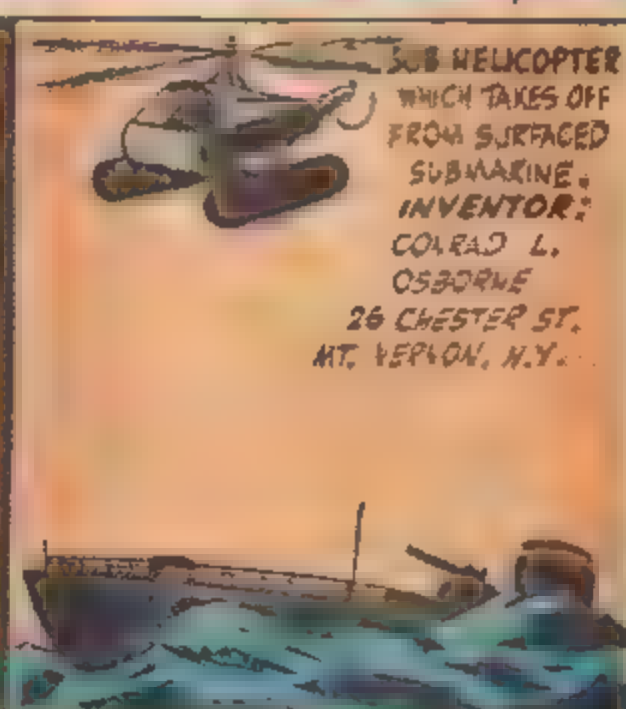
SIX ENGINE FLYING BASE SERVES AS GANT SKYCRAFT CARRIER FOR PLANES LAUNCHED IN M.O.A.R.  
INVENTOR: HOWELL C. BOYD  
2009 CHICKASHA LA, ARKANSAS ARK.



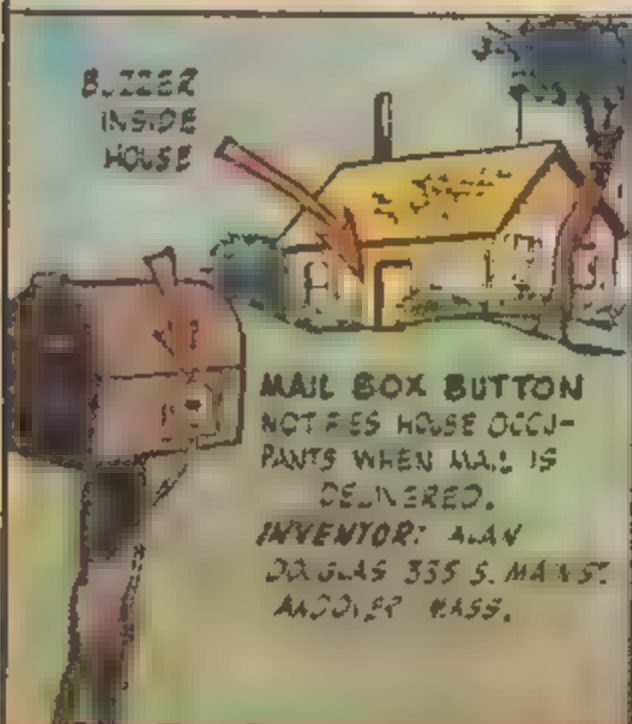
PAPER GUN FOR NEWSPAPER DELIVERY BOY. EXTRA WALKING AND STAR CLIMBING ELIMINATED  
INVENTOR: JOHN FREWER  
297 CHESTNUT ST. WOODBURY, MASS.



PHONE LIGHT FLASHES ON WHEN ANOTHER PARTY IS TRYING TO MAKE A CONNECTION.  
INVENTOR: JOE SEEDMAN  
340 CROFT AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA.



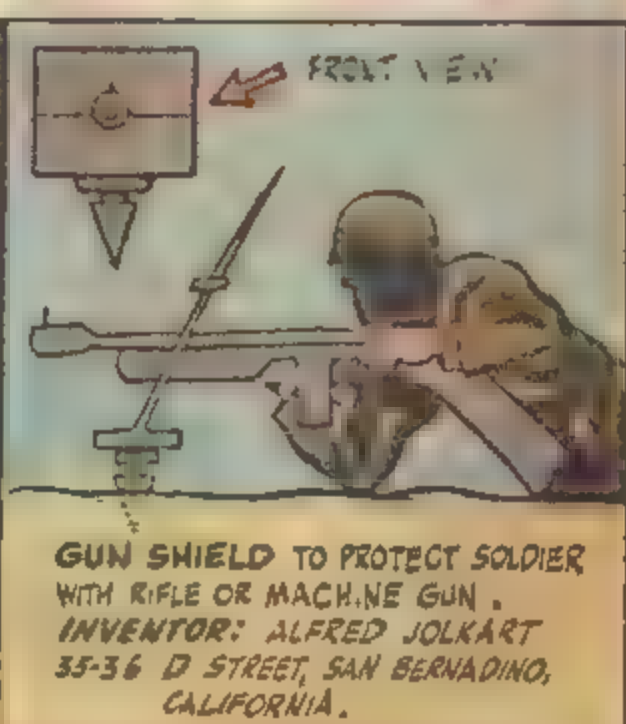
SUB HELICOPTER WHICH TAKES OFF FROM SURFACED SUBMARINE.  
INVENTOR: CONRAD L. OSBORNE  
26 CHESTER ST. MT. VERNON, N.Y.



MAIL BOX BUTTON NOTIFIES HOUSE OCCUPANTS WHEN MAIL IS DELIVERED.  
INVENTOR: ALAN DOUGLAS 335 S. MAIN ST. ANDOVER, MASS.



GUN HAMMER  
INVENTOR: BILLY JOE SHEPARD  
2060 NORTH 3RD ST. TERRE HAUTE IND.



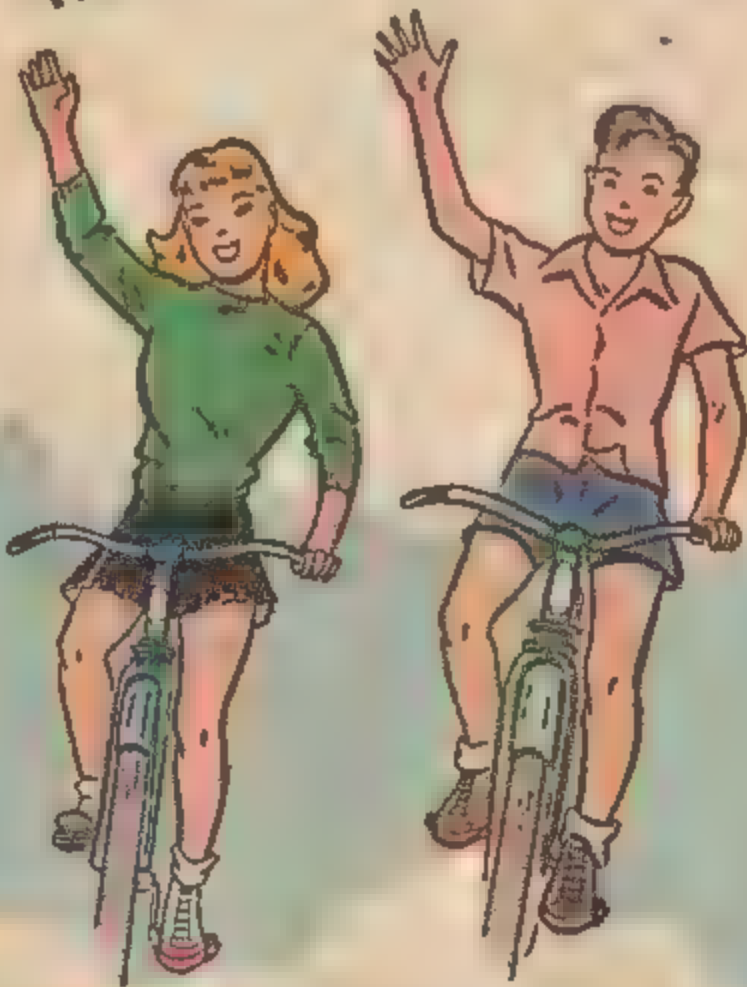
GUN SHIELD TO PROTECT SOLDIER WITH RIFLE OR MACHINE GUN.  
INVENTOR: ALFRED JOLKART  
35-36 D STREET, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.



# Now for a Pair of those Smart, Sharp, Super BALL-BAND CANVAS SPORT SHOES!

HOORAY!! WE'RE ON OUR WAY  
FOR A NEW PAIR TODAY—  
THE FINEST IN THE LAND!



LEAPS LIKE A CAT! HE'S FASTER  
BECAUSE OF BALL-BAND BETTER  
SUPPORT AND MARVELOUS  
CUSHION-SOLES—



BILL, YOU'RE A WHIZ—  
YOU'LL MAKE THE  
TOURNAMENT, SURE!

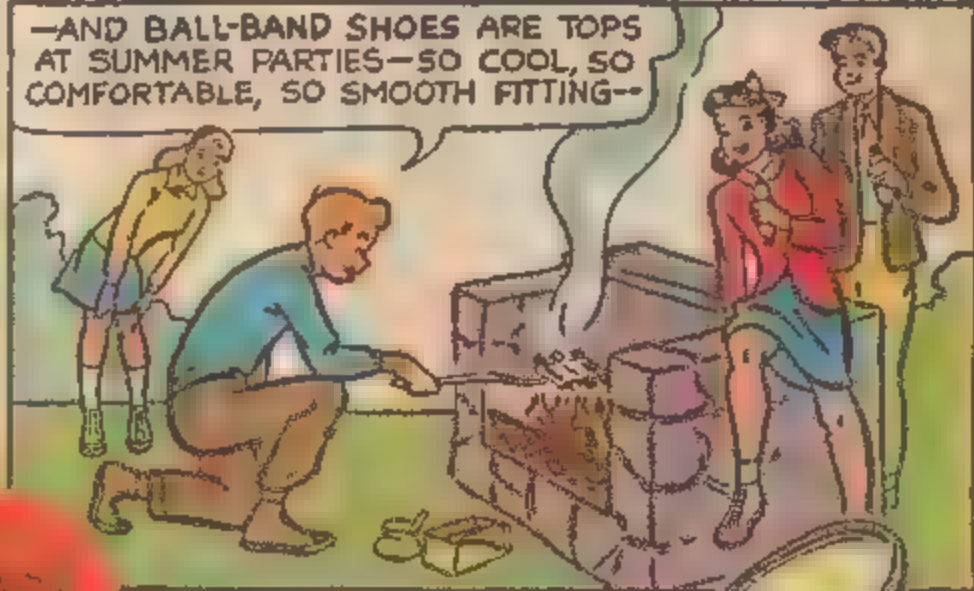
YEAH! DID YOU SEE MY  
SNAPPY FOOTWORK?  
THAT'S BALL-BAND!



TIRED OF HIKING? NOT US!  
BALL-BAND SHOES ARE LIGHT AN'  
EASY WALKING, YET REALLY  
RUGGED!



—AND BALL-BAND SHOES ARE TOPS  
AT SUMMER PARTIES—SO COOL, SO  
COMFORTABLE, SO SMOOTH FITTING—



EVERY MOTHER  
LOVES THEM TOO—  
THEY WASH SO  
EASILY— SOLES  
WON'T MARK  
FLOORS, AND THEY  
HELP KEEP FEET  
HEALTHIER—



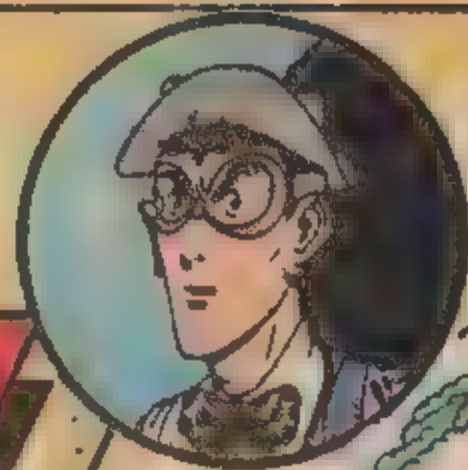
Get them at the  
store that displays  
the **RED-BALL**  
trade mark.



REG. U. S.  
PAT. OFF. 1961

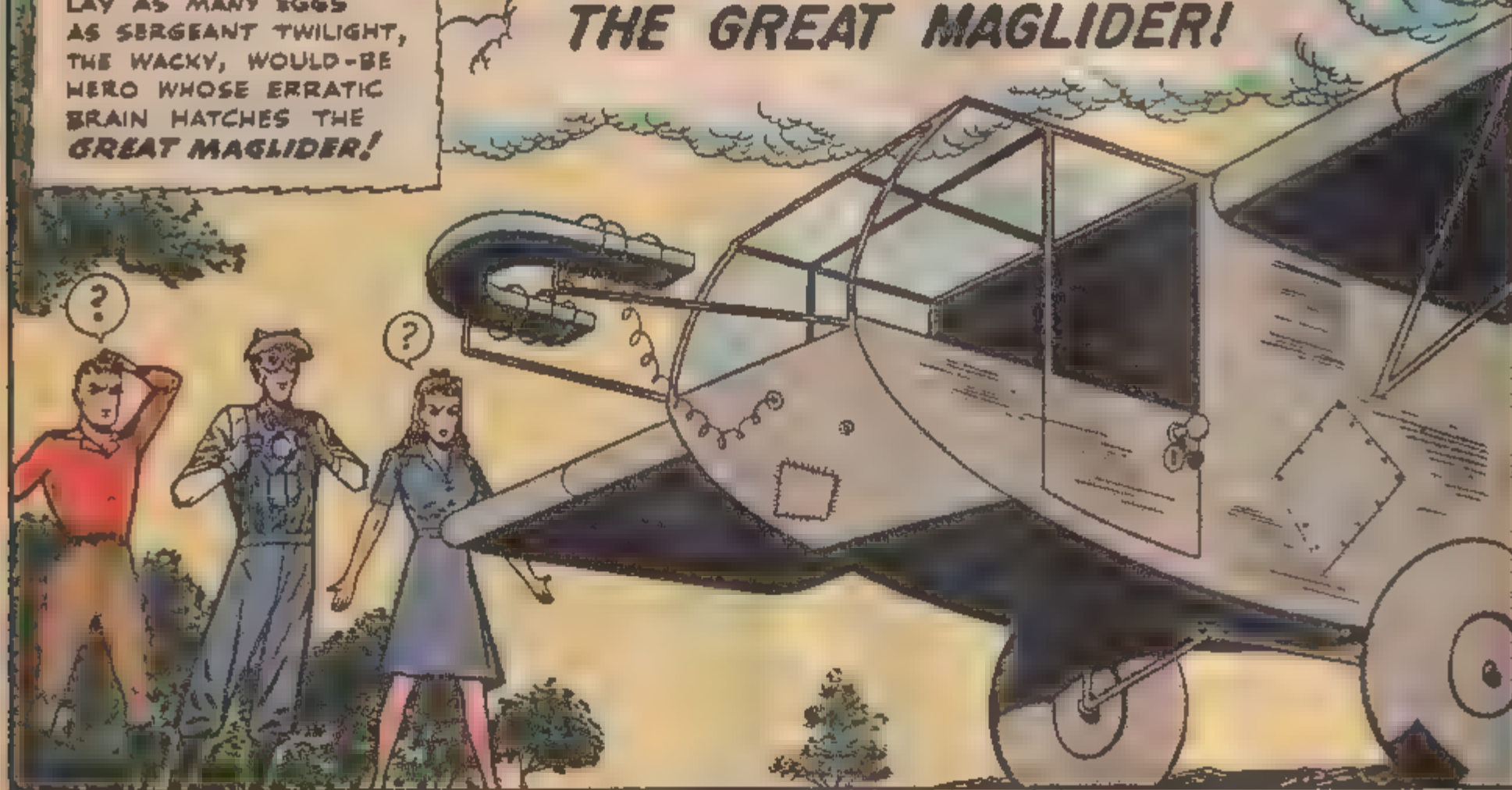


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



NOT EVEN A CHAMPION  
PLYMOUTH ROCK CAN  
LAY AS MANY EGGS  
AS SERGEANT TWILIGHT,  
THE WACKY, WOULD-BE  
HERO WHOSE ERRATIC  
BRAIN HATCHES THE  
**GREAT MAGLIDER!**

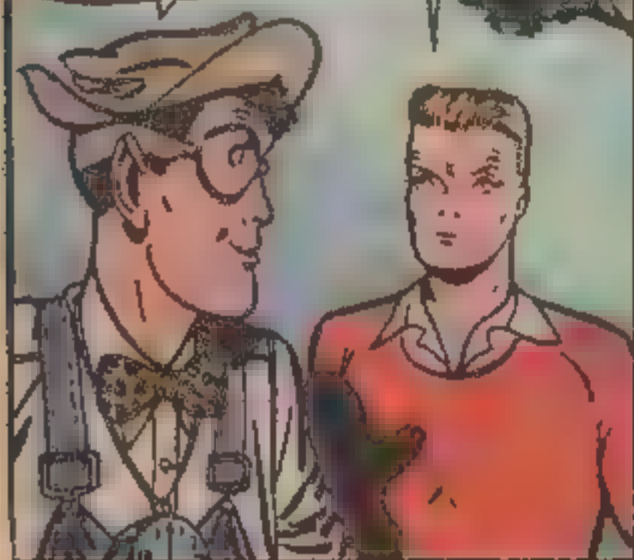
## THE GREAT MAGLIDER!



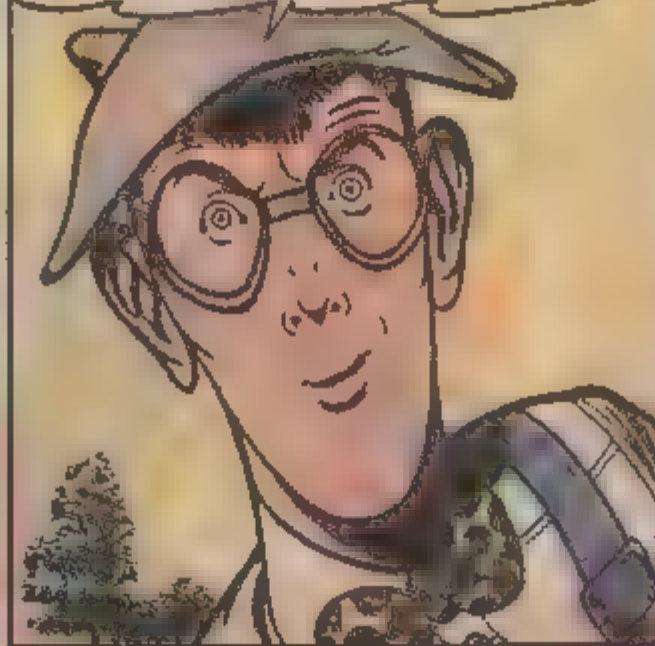
SERGEANT TWILIGHT, ALIAS  
ICHABOD MUDD, COMPLETES  
A NEW BRAINSTORM!

ISN'T THE  
MAGLIDER  
A BEAUT,  
CHUCK?

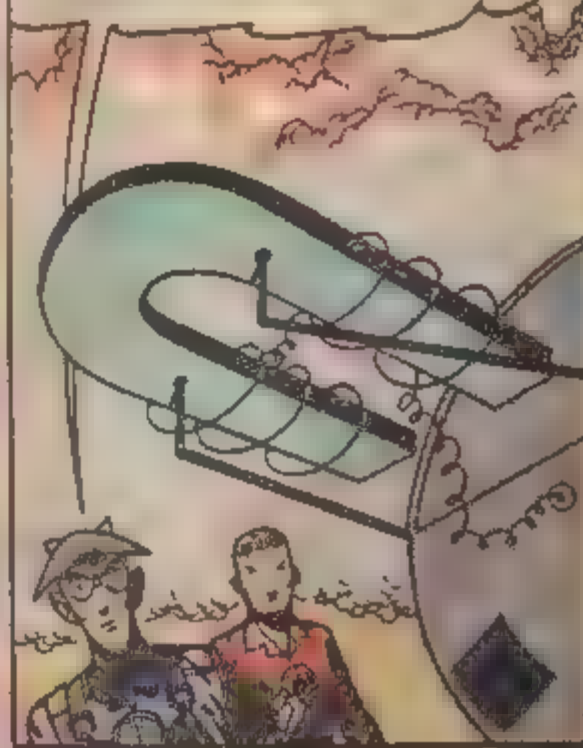
ER---YES, BUT  
WHAT IS A  
MAGLIDER?



A MAGNET-GLIDER! IT'S  
GONNA REVOLUTIONIZE AIR  
TRANSPORT! MAKES NO  
NOISE, NEEDS NO FUEL--AND  
YET SO SIMPLE ONLY A  
GENIUS WOULD THINK OF IT!

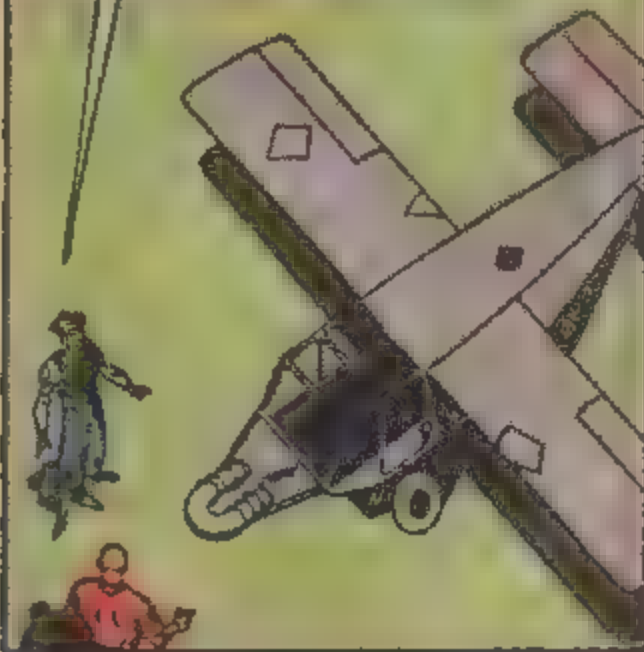


THE MAGNET MAKES IT VERY  
ATTRACTIVE---HEH. MEH!  
NATURALLY IT PULLS ALL  
METAL TOWARD IT!





AND THE GLIDER IS METAL!  
WHEN I SWITCH ON THE  
MAGNETIC FORCE, THE  
MAGNET WILL PULL IT!



BUT THE GLIDER CAN'T  
EVER CATCH UP! IT KEEPS  
ON INDEFINITELY PUSHING  
THE MAGNET!

UMMM...THE MAGNET  
PULLS, AND THE GLIDER  
PUSHES, EH?



HI, CAP!...  
WANNA MAKE  
THE FIRST  
SPIN IN THE  
MAGLIDER?

SORRY,  
TWILIGHT,  
BUT I'M  
TOO BUSY  
RIGHT  
NOW!



AND LATER I MUST  
FLY TO MILL CITY TO  
PICK UP MY NEW  
PRECISION TOOLS!  
BESIDES, THAT  
CONTRAPTION DOESN'T  
LOOK SAFE!

AWW!



I BET CAP'S  
NEW TOOLS  
ARE TERRIFIC!

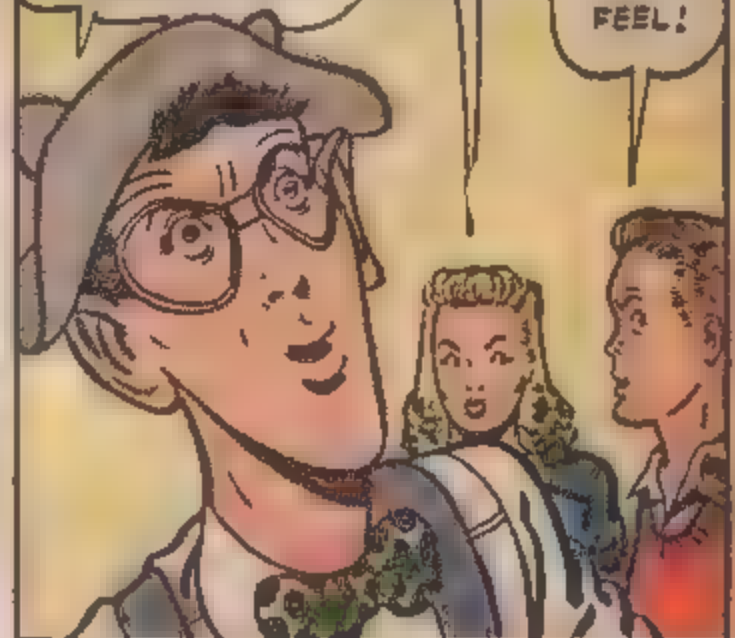
YEAH? WELL,  
I'LL SHOW  
YOU THE  
MAGLIDER  
IS EVEN  
BETTER!



WE'LL ALL FLY  
THE MAGLIDER  
TO MILL CITY  
AND PROVE IT'S  
SENSATIONAL!

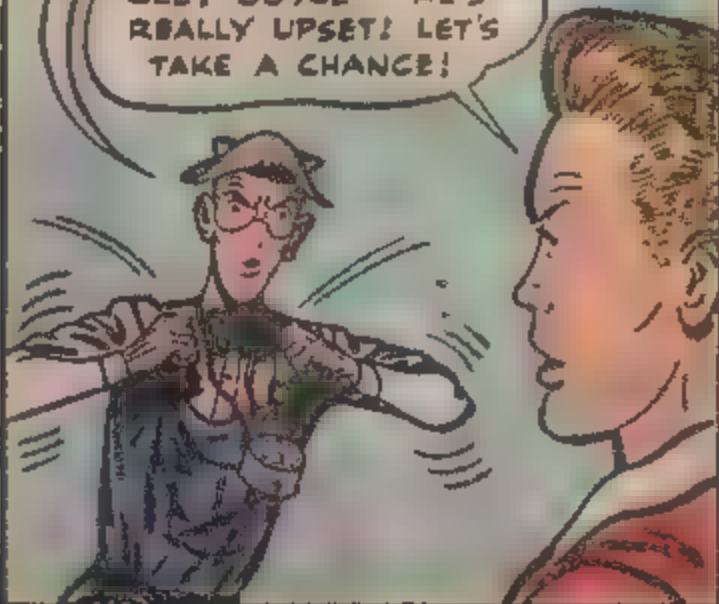
THANKS,  
BUT---  
ER---  
I----

YES,  
THAT'S  
JUST  
THE  
WAY I  
FEEL!



SO! I WRACK MY BRAIN TO  
BENEFIT MANKIND --- AND  
THEY GIMME THE RUNAROUND!  
WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING  
A GREAT SCIENTIST?

GEE, JOYCE---HE'S  
REALLY UPSET! LET'S  
TAKE A CHANCE!



LET'S GO,  
SERGEANT!

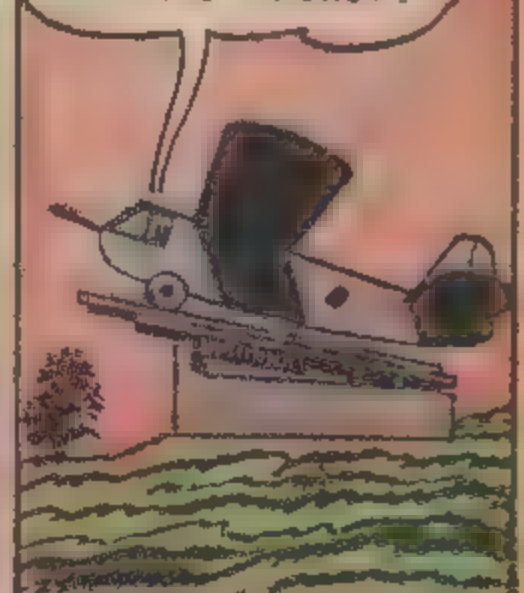
BUT THANK  
GOODNESS  
MILL CITY  
IS NEARBY!

AS A  
CONCESSION  
TO YOU I'LL  
LAUNCH 'ER  
BY ORDINARY  
METHODS!

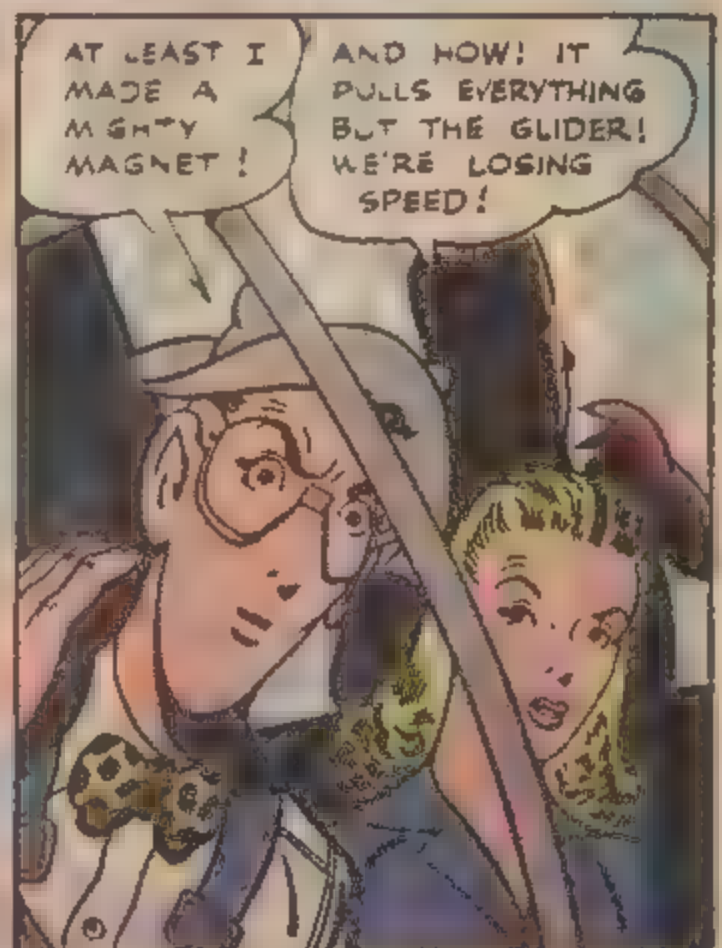
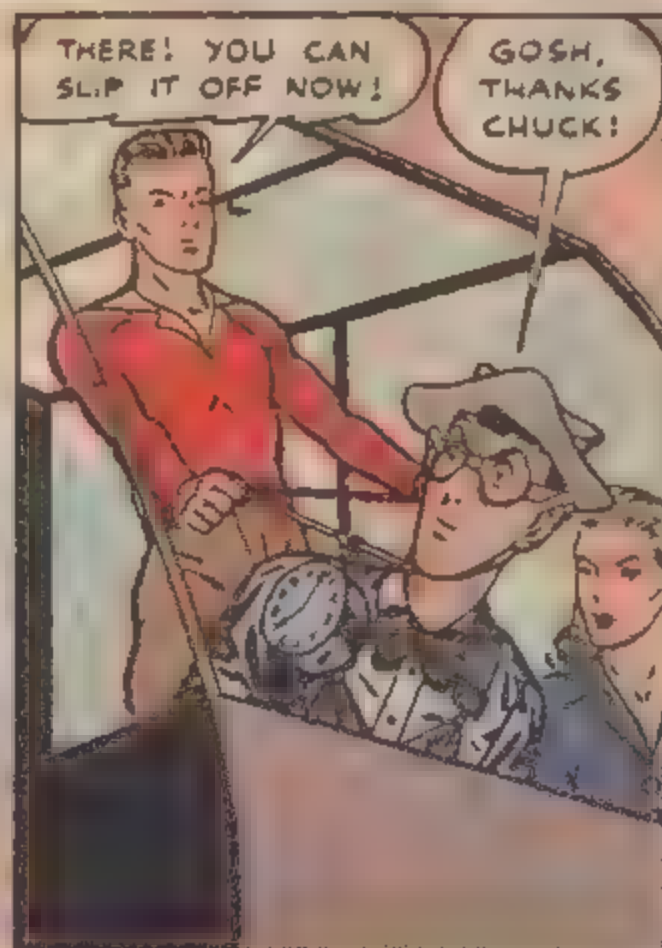
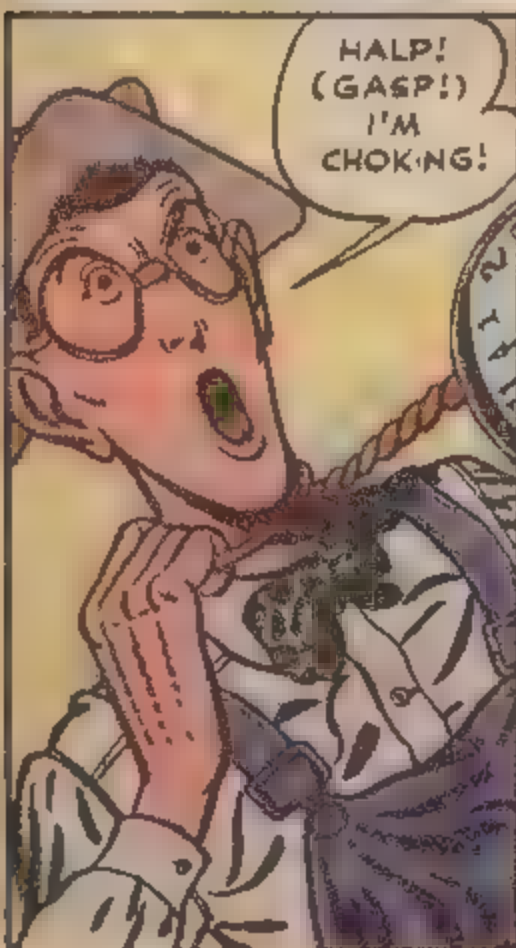
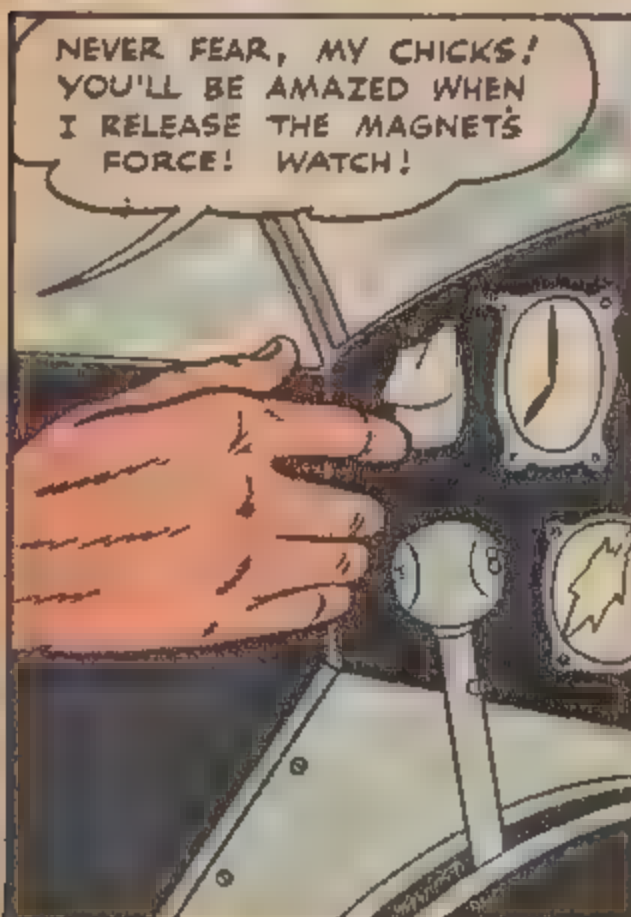
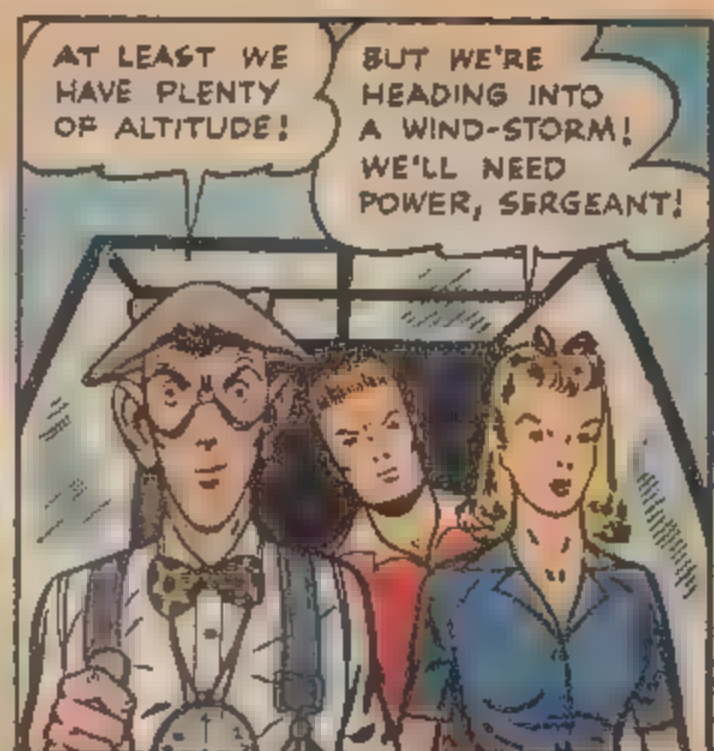
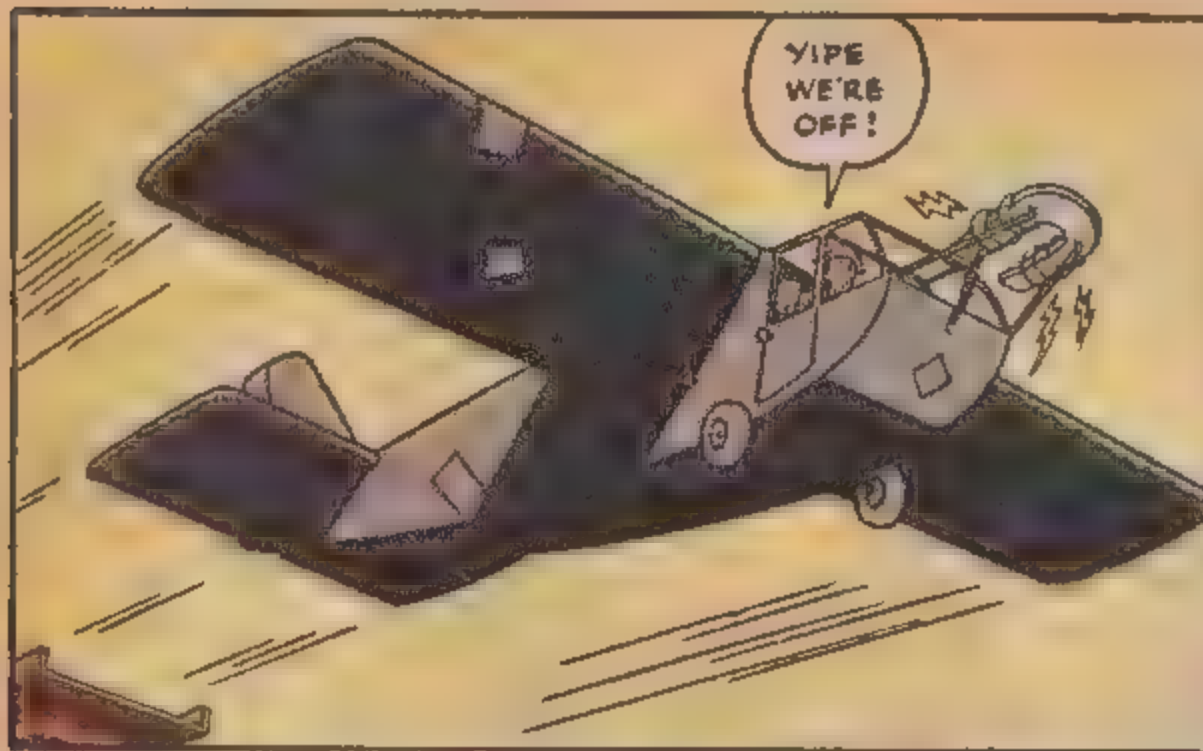


SOON...

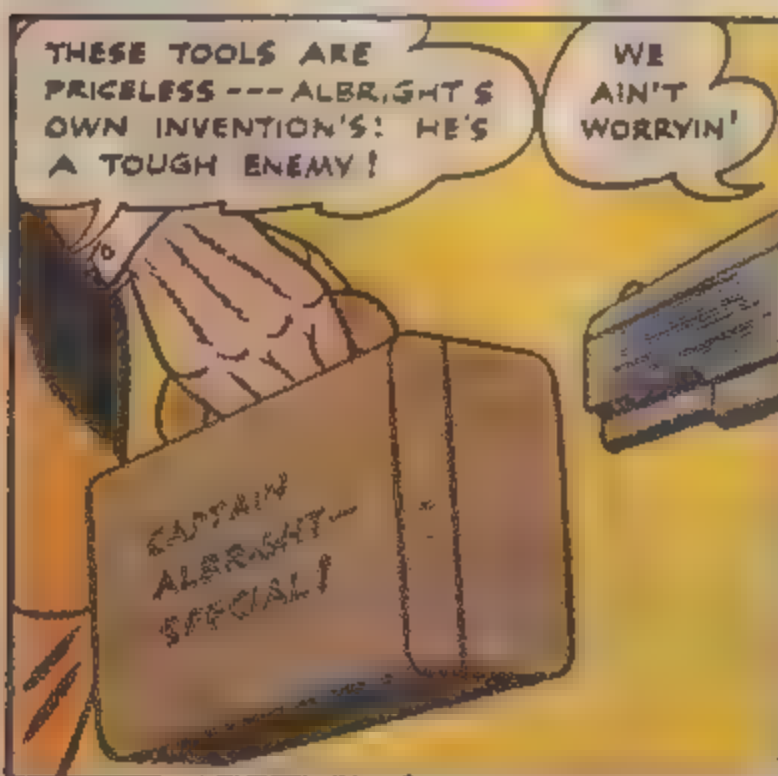
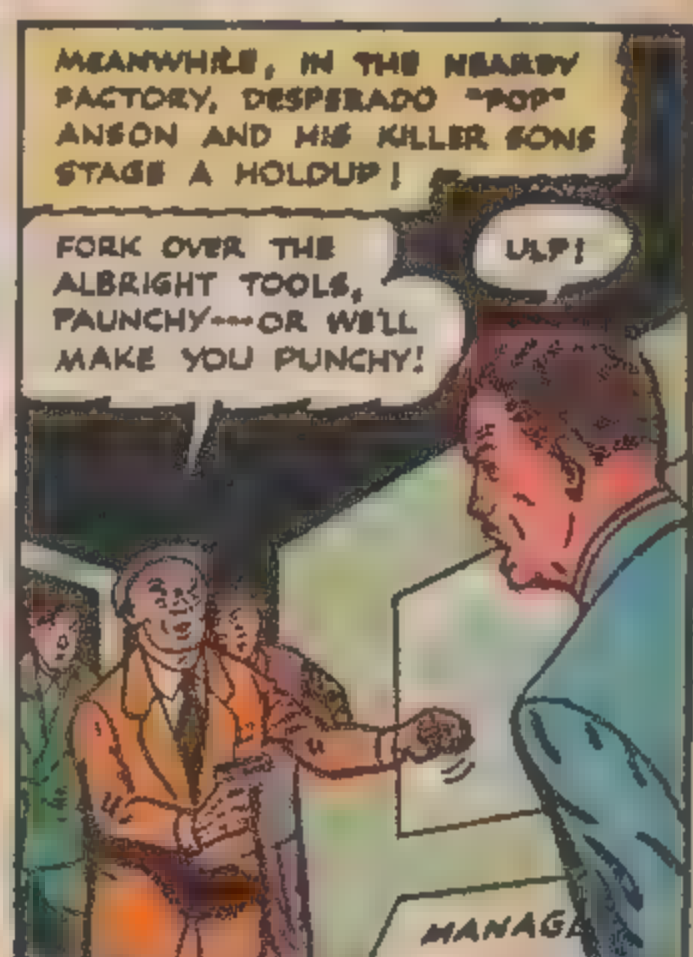
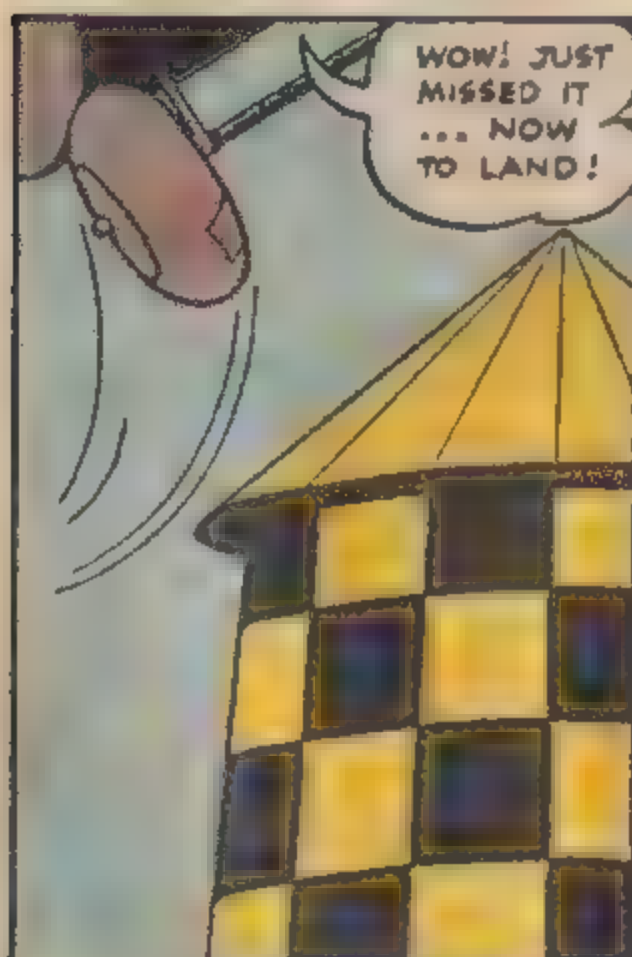
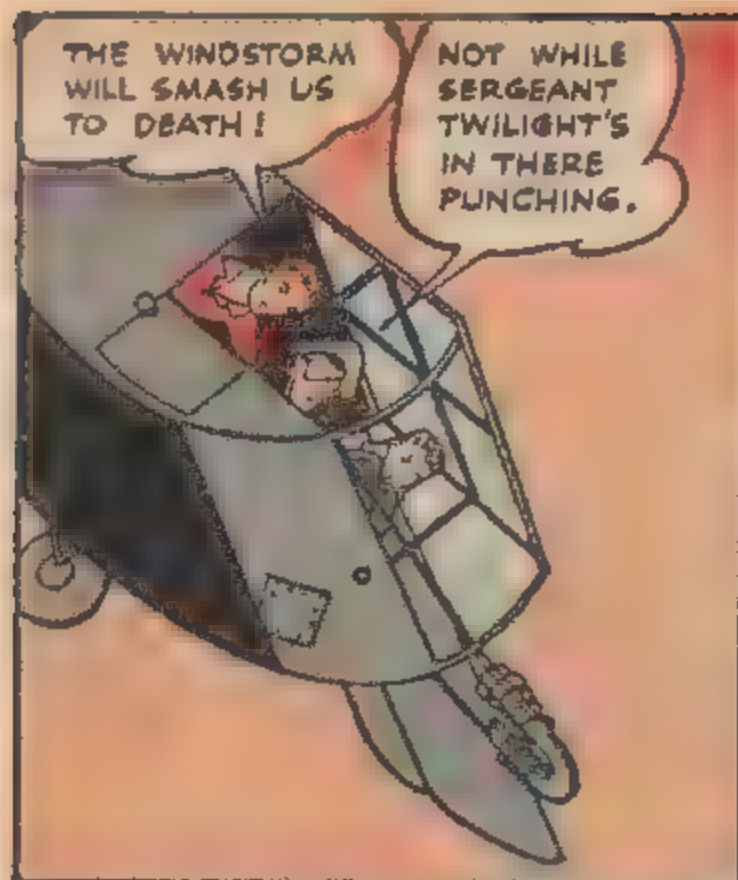
THE GLIDER CATAPULT  
WILL START US, FOLKS!  
WHEN WE GET PLENTY  
ALTITUDE I'LL SWITCH  
ON THE MAGNET!



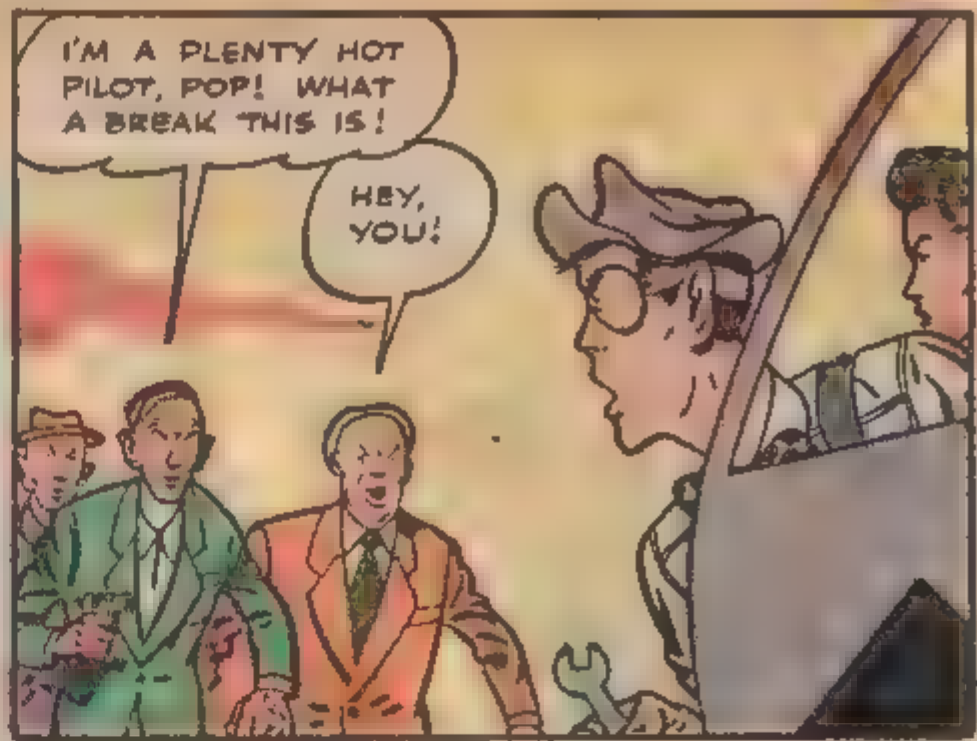
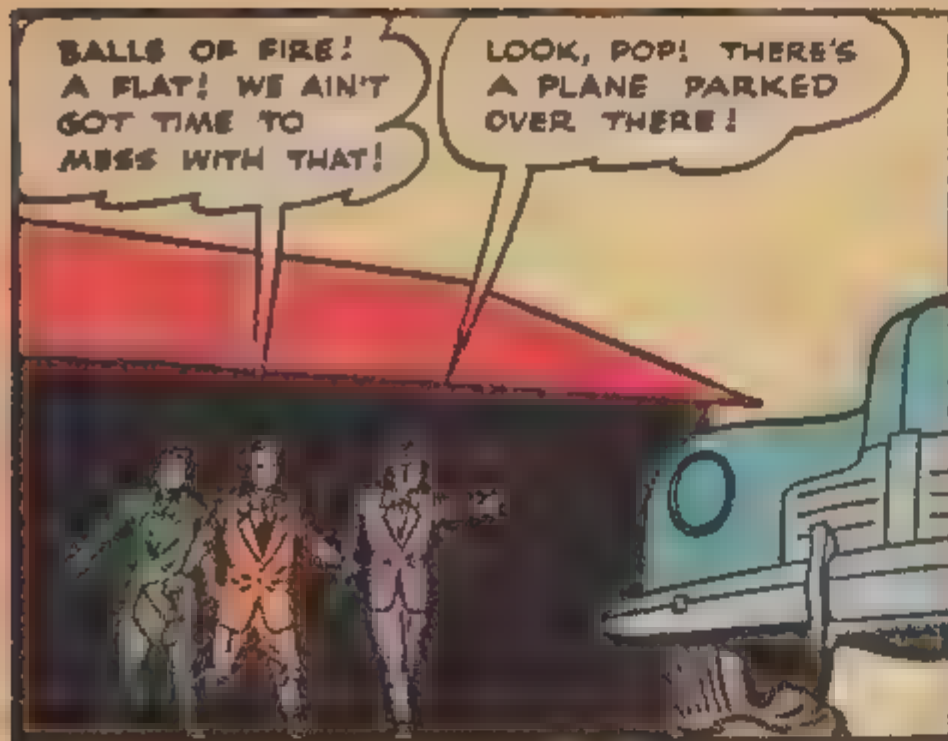




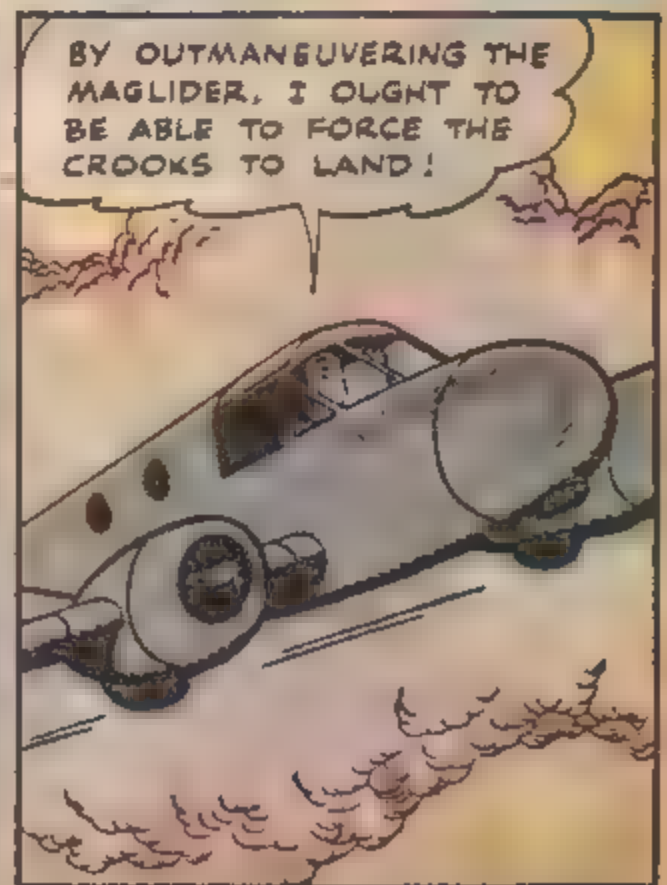
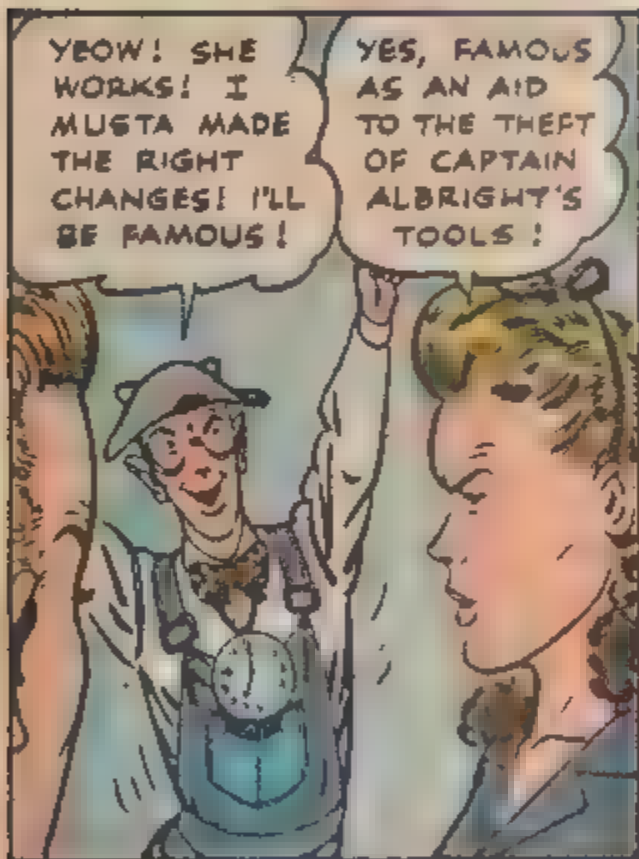
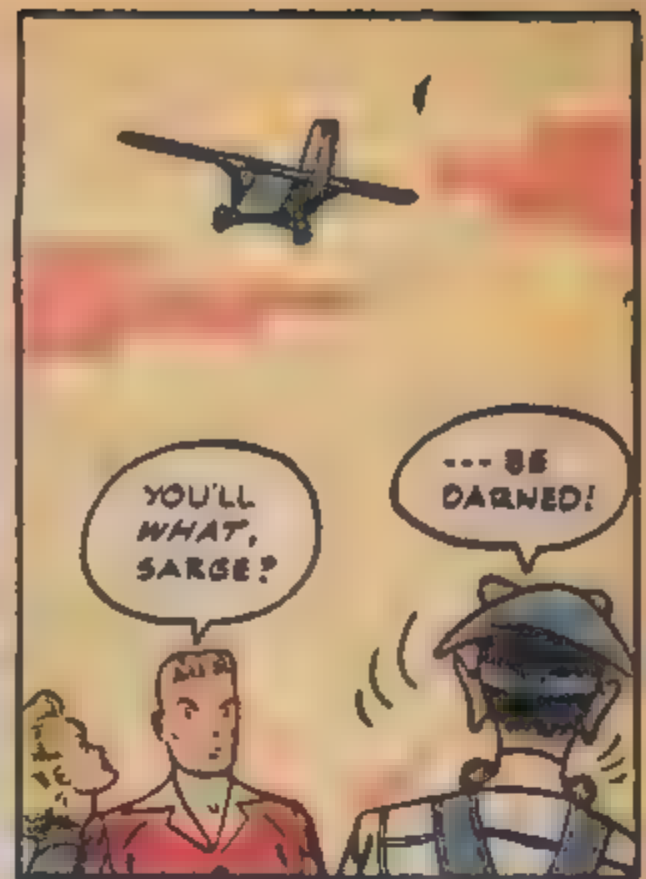
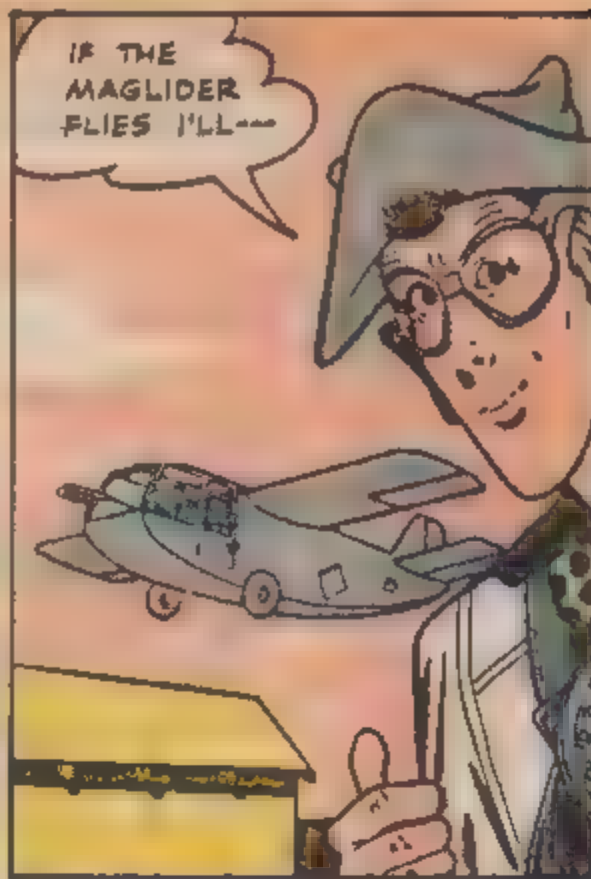
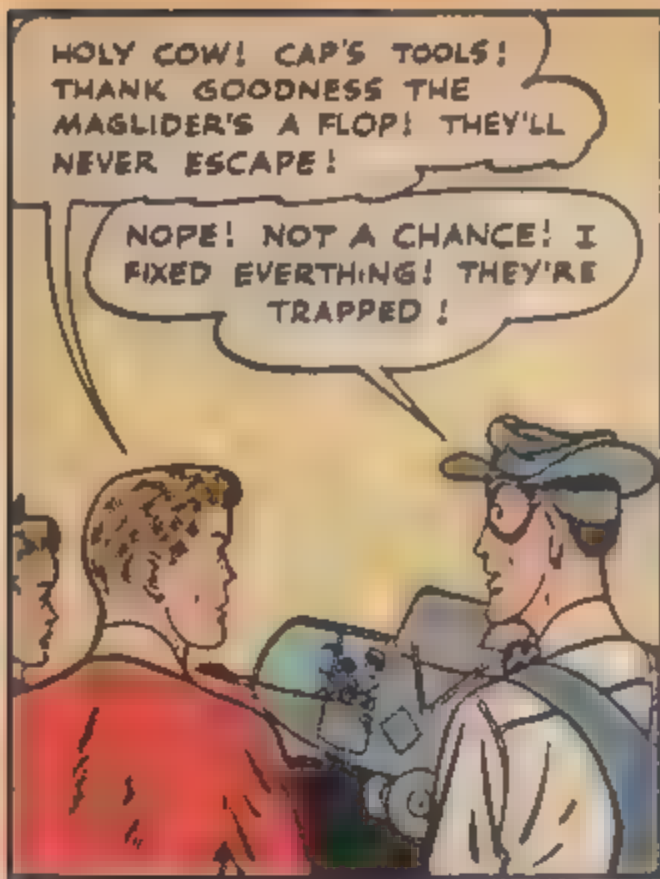




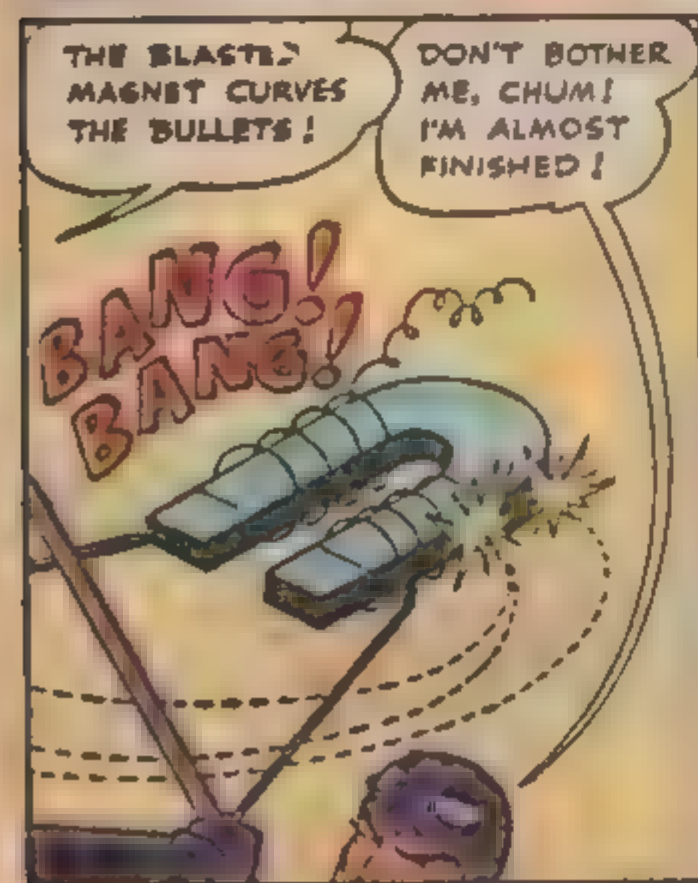
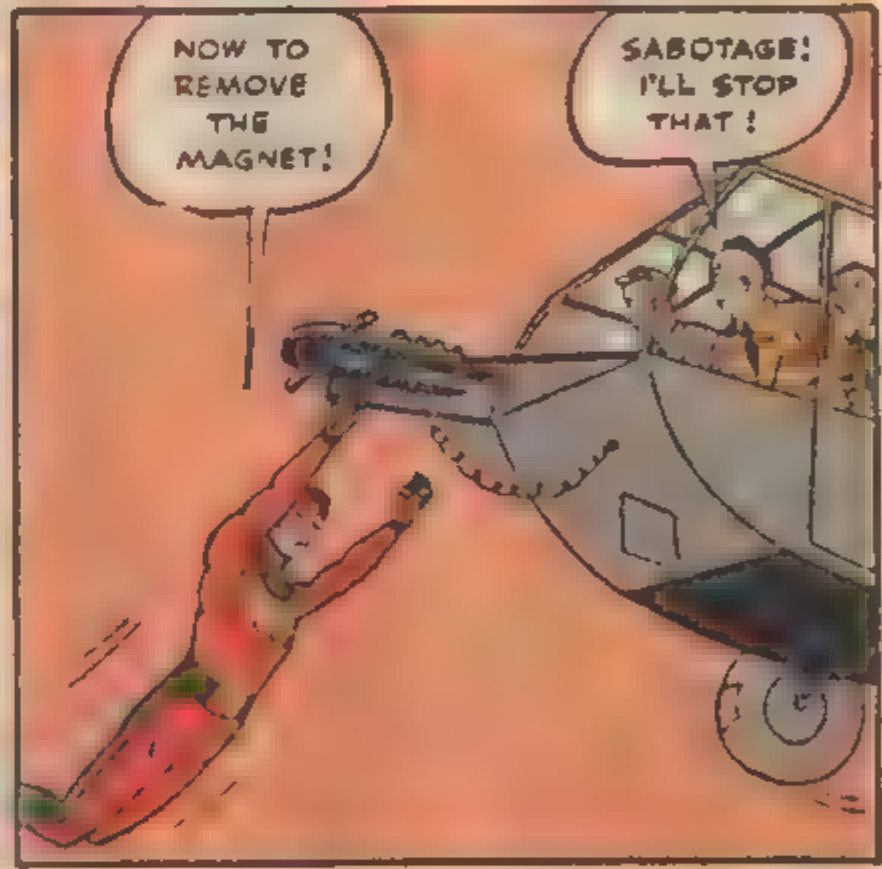
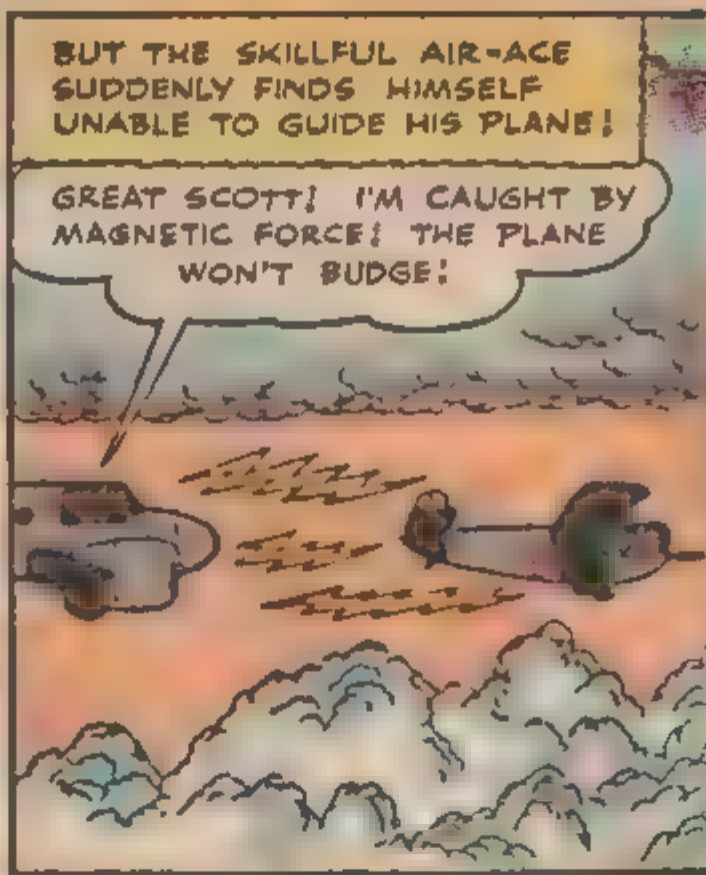






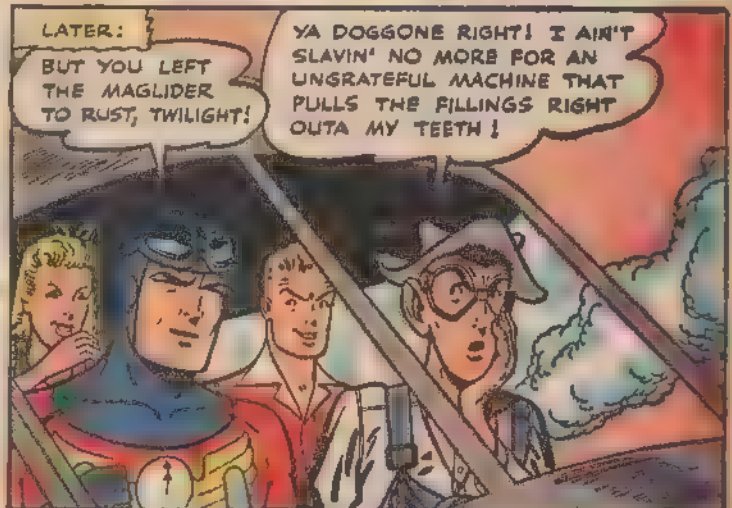
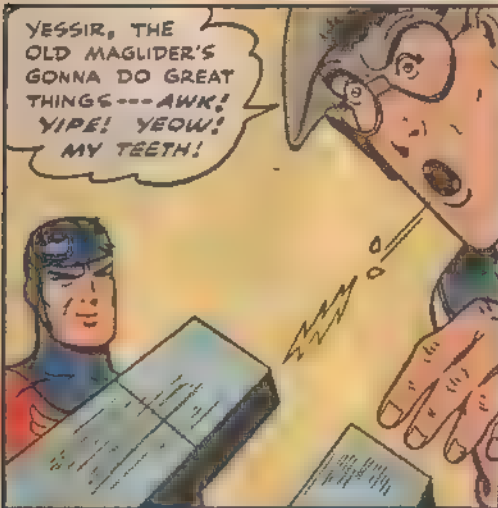
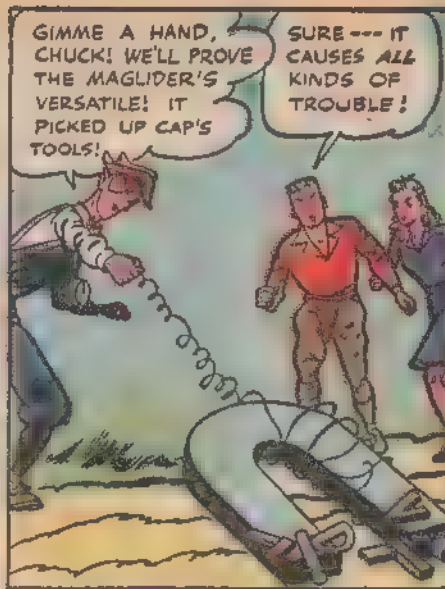








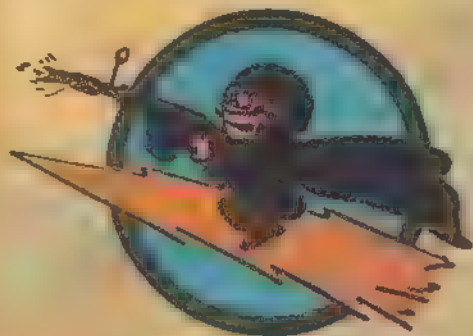
# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



## CAPT. MIDNIGHT'S FIGHTING AIR INSIGNIA



672 ND BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON

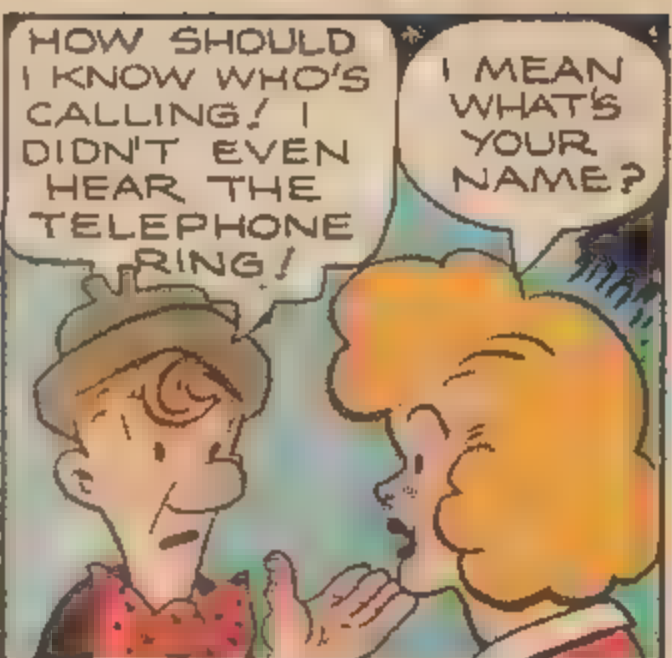
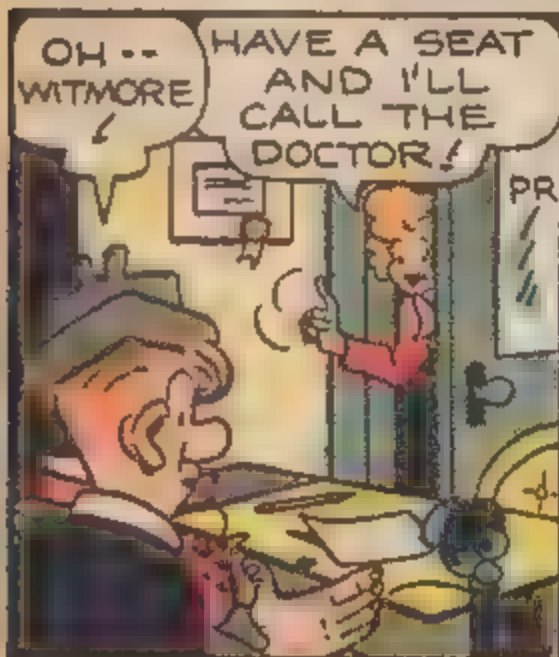
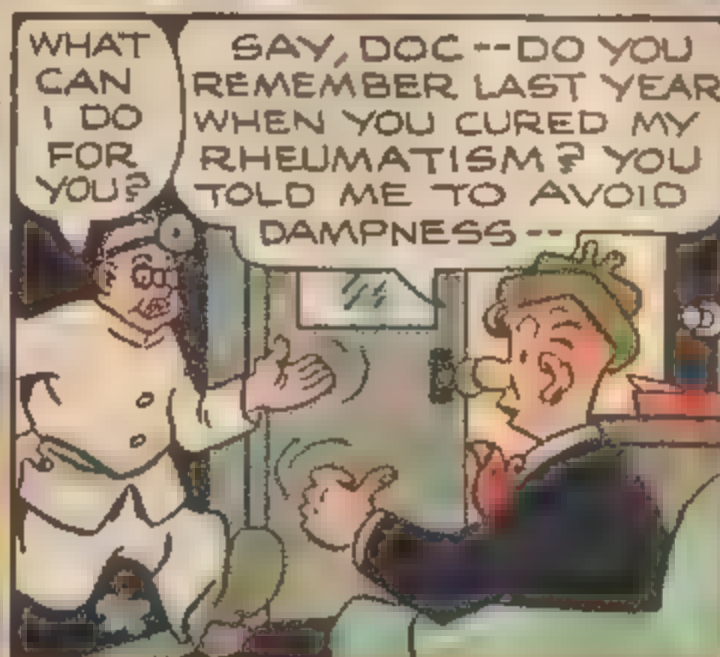
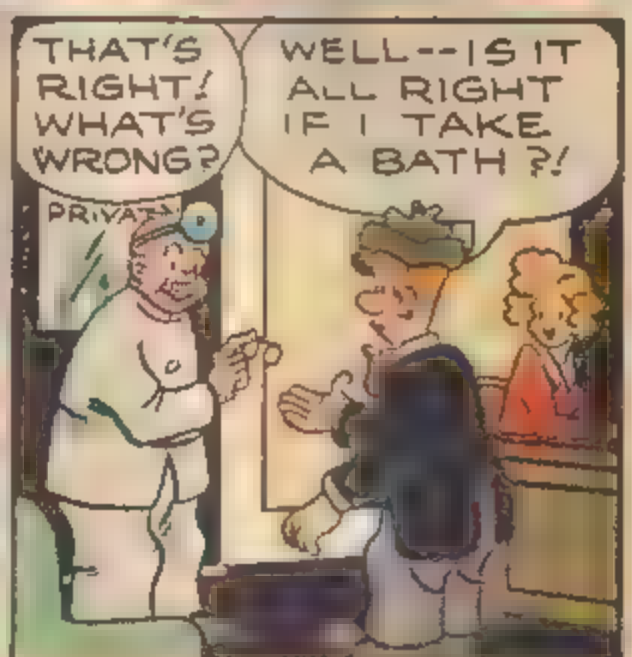


340TH FIGHTER SQUADRON



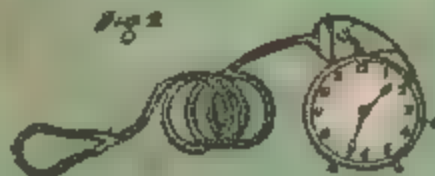
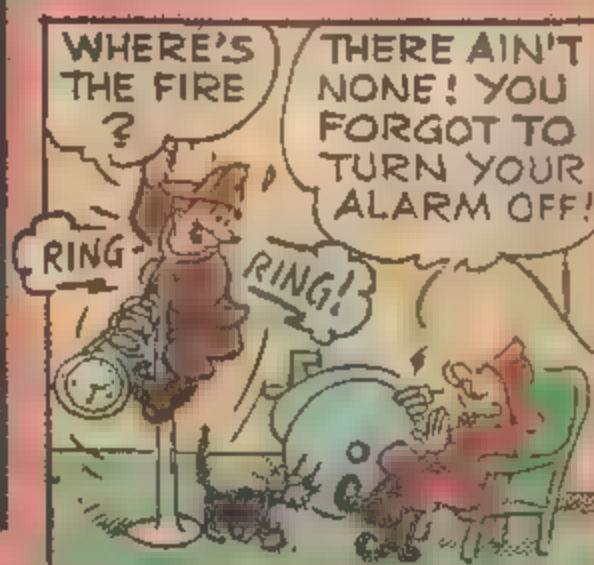


HE CAN TAKE HIS MEDICINE

I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THE  
DOCTOR!WHO SHALL  
I SAY IS  
CALLING?HOW SHOULD  
I KNOW WHO'S  
CALLING? I  
DIDN'T EVEN  
HEAR THE  
TELEPHONE  
RING!I MEAN  
WHAT'S  
YOUR  
NAME?OH --  
WITMOREHAVE A SEAT  
AND I'LL  
CALL THE  
DOCTOR!WHAT  
CAN  
I DO  
FOR  
YOU?SAY, DOC -- DO YOU  
REMEMBER LAST YEAR  
WHEN YOU CURED MY  
RHEUMATISM? YOU  
TOLD ME TO AVOID  
DAMPNESS --THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?WELL -- IS IT  
ALL RIGHT  
IF I TAKE  
A BATH?!

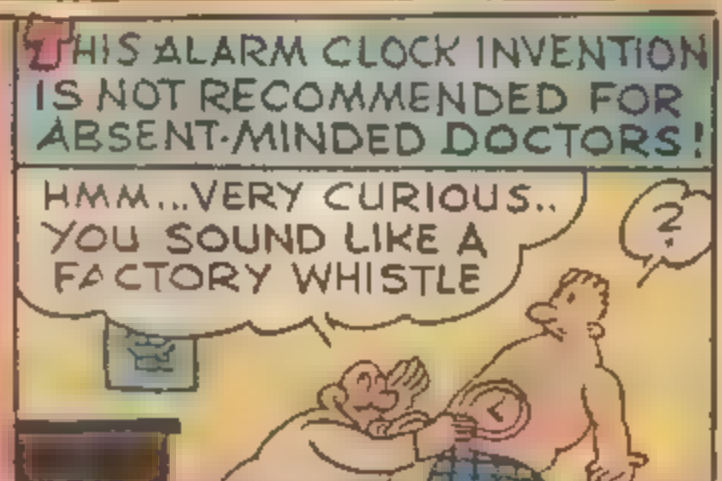
## ODD BUT TRUE INVENTIONS

FROM THE FILES OF THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHY DISTURB YOUR  
NEIGHBORS? JUST  
PLUG THE ATTACHMENT  
IN YOUR EARS, AND  
YOU, AND YOU ALONE  
WILL HEAR THE ALARM  
WHEN IT RINGS!INVENTION OF ALARM  
CLOCK PAT. NO. 1,366,983  
PATENTED FEB. 1921.WHERE'S  
THE FIRE  
?THERE AIN'T  
NONE! YOU  
FORGOT TO  
TURN YOUR  
ALARM OFF!

RING!

RING!

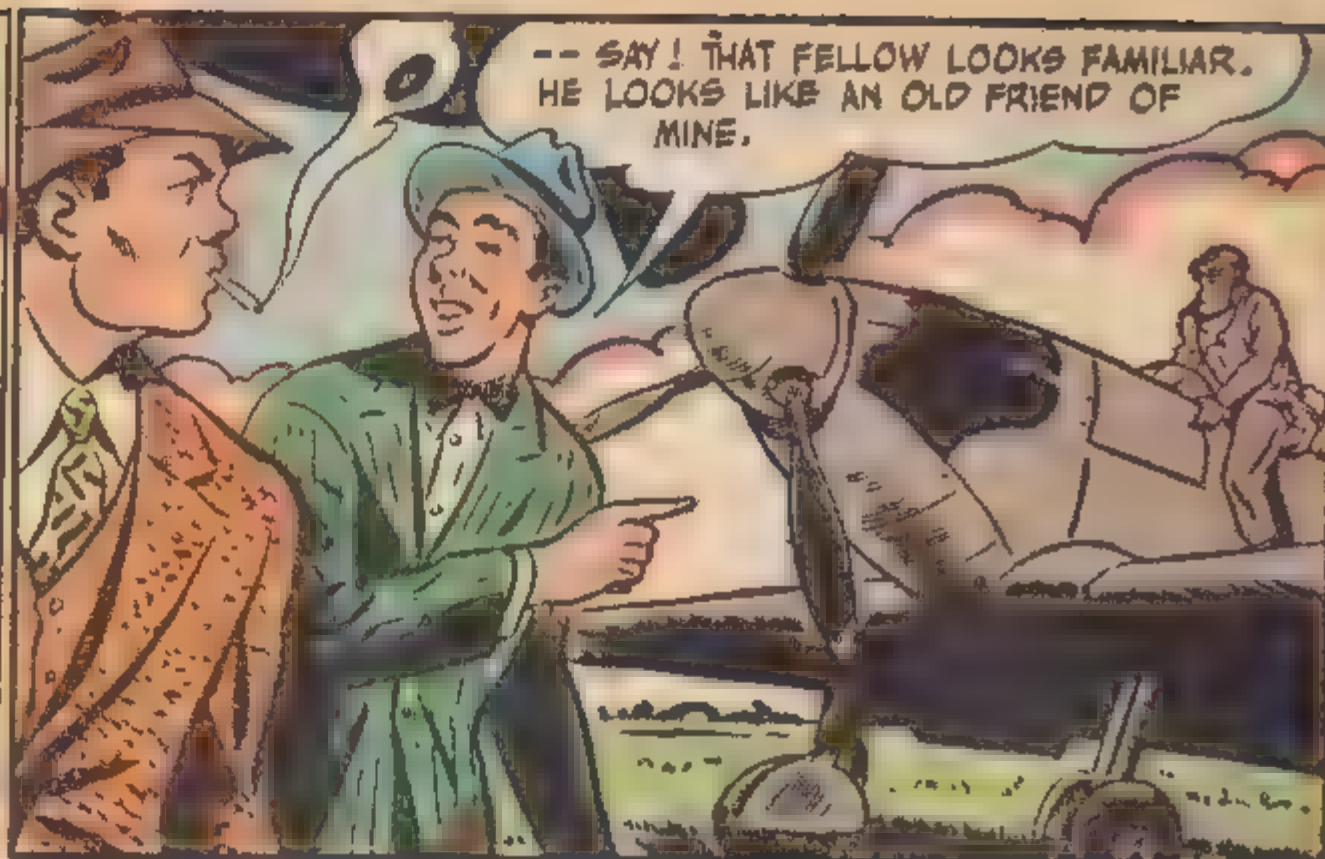
THIS ALARM CLOCK INVENTION  
IS NOT RECOMMENDED FOR  
ABSENT-MINDED DOCTORS!HMM...VERY CURIOUS..  
YOU SOUND LIKE A  
FACTORY WHISTLE...OR ANY ABSENT-MINDED  
PERSON, FOR THAT MATTER...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
IT, 'DOC', MY EARS  
KEEP RINGING!



# Pilot Pete



"DOWN TO EARTH"



-- SAY! THAT FELLOW LOOKS FAMILIAR. HE LOOKS LIKE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.



EXCUSE ME A MINUTE. I WANT TO FIND OUT IF IT'S REALLY HIM.



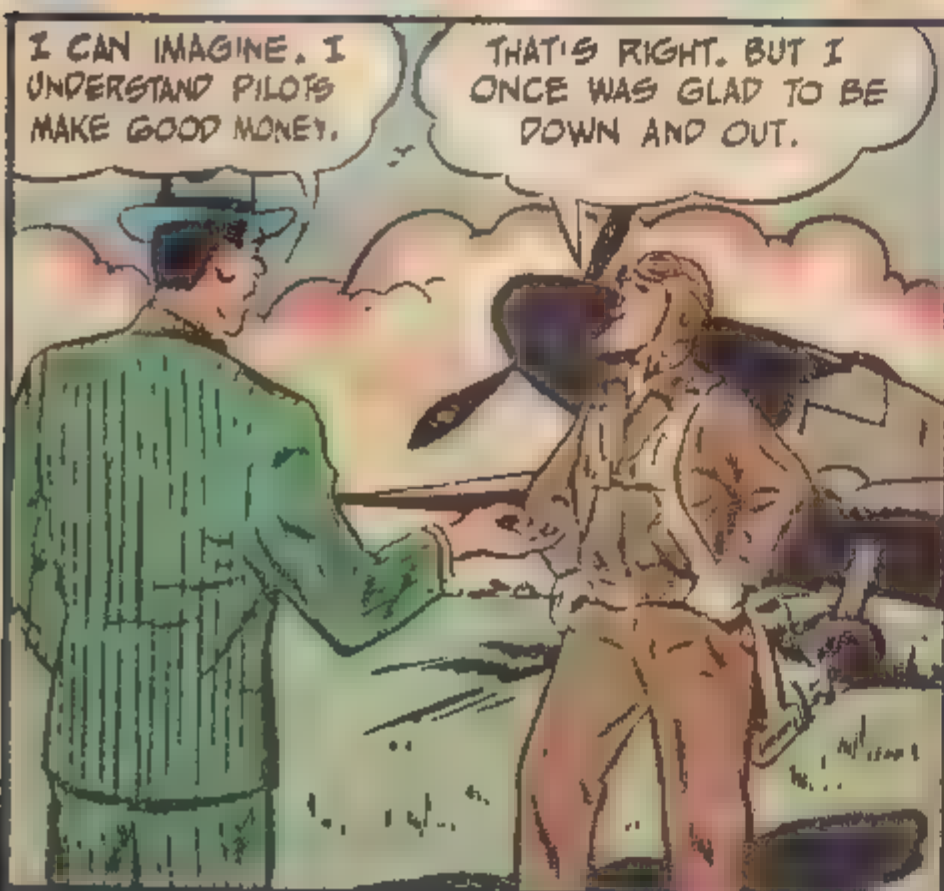
I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! HOW ARE YOU, PETE OLD BOY?

WELL, WELL, BILL JENKINS! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS.



I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU. HOW'S EVERYTHING?

FINE. THINGS ARE GOING GREAT.



I CAN IMAGINE. I UNDERSTAND PILOTS MAKE GOOD MONEY.

THAT'S RIGHT. BUT I ONCE WAS GLAD TO BE DOWN AND OUT.



YOU WERE? WHEN?

AFTER MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE!



# RED LANDS A CONTRACT

*A "Red Skye" Flying Story--by Richard Kraus*

It was the unshakable courage of Red Skye that survived the grim race against death in the air... when the future of Richards Airlines hung in the balance.

**T**HE LIGHTS of the Kingstons airfield ahead, Paul. Shall I take her in?" Red Skye, ace pilot for Richards Airlines, looked over questioningly at his friend and boss, Paul Richards.

"Sure thing, Red. I'm in a hurry to get over to the CONDOR office and see what H. C. Field thought of my offer," replied the gray thatched airlines president.

Skillfully, Red banked the four-place Republic SEABEE against the wind, watching for traffic and picking up his landing directions from the airport's control tower. He cut his speed, hit the runway without a jar and braked the sleek little amphibian to a smooth stop.

"Just what is it you're seeing Field about?" asked the red-headed ex-flying officer as they clambered out of the plane. "Was it that idea you had about shipping supplies and men to the CONDOR mines by plane?"

"That's it, Red. I'm hoping that we can land a contract to handle all of Field's transport. I sent him an outline of the job we could do, with a cost estimate, and he wired me to come in and talk to him. Let's grab a cab!"

H. C. FIELD turned out to be a tougher nut to crack than Paul Richards had anticipated. Bald and poker-faced, the mining company president sat behind his big desk and studied the statistics that Richards had sent.

Finally, he looked up from the papers and boomed in a deep voice, "As I understand it, you feel that Richards Airlines can handle a complete contract to ship in men and supplies and take out the refined ore from the CONDOR mine areas. Is that it?"

"Exactly," said Red's boss eagerly. "Your mines are so inaccessible to ordinary transportation that truck and train costs go sky-high. But, by building one small, key airfield, we'll be able to cut your costs and save you time too!"

"On paper you've proven you can," H. C. Field frowned. "But there's a big risk involved. I don't trust flying for this sort of job. It's too new. It hasn't yet proven itself."

"Then your answer is no?"

"I'm afraid so," replied the mining president. "Sorry you had to make this long trip for nothing."

"That's all right," said Paul Richards slowly. "But I think you're making a mistake, Mr. Field."

As they left the CONDOR CO. office, Red watched his boss closely. Disappointment showed on the older man's face, but he was too good a sport to do more than say,

"I'd sort of counted on landing that contract, Red. We're going to have tough sledding without it."

Back again at the airport, they climbed into their plane, taxied to the end of the strip.

Red checked the weather map he'd been given in the hangar.

"They've been having heavy rain, almost a cloudburst, north of Kingston," he noted. "But our route is pretty clear."

"Okay," answered Richards. "Then let's head for home. I'd like to be back at the airfield before dark."

**T**EN MINUTES later, as they winged buoyantly over the foothills outside of Kingston, Red twisted his radio dial idly. Suddenly, his keen ear caught a faint message.

"Paul," he cried, "listen to this! Someone's calling the hospital in Kingston!"

Both men listened to the radio intently.

"They're radioing from a boys' camp up at Arnett's Notch... A kid's been taken badly sick, and they want the Kingston hospital to rush up an ambulance!"

Red's face turned white. "But they won't be able to do that," he said. "My weather map showed that the highway through the mountains was washed out by the heavy rains. And that's the only way they can get an ambulance through to Arnett's Notch!"



## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

"They say they've got to get the kid to a hospital. If there's no other way..." Paul Richards set his jaw. "... Red, do you think we could get up there and fly him out in the SEABEE?"

Red was silent for a moment. His lean hand tightened on the stick.

"There'll be heavy rain over the mountains, and tricky air currents going down into the Notch. But there's a fair chance we can get in and land on the lake by the boys' camp."

The two men looked at each other and there was no need to say anything further. Red turned the plane and in a moment they were heading north, toward a heavy gray bank of clouds that meant trouble.

**T**HE CLOUDS grew and darkened, till they enveloped the little amphibian, swirling and pelting against its plexiglass canopy. Red peered ahead into the dark, his war-trained hand and eyes fighting an enemy that was not new to him. After thirty missions over the Hump, a man learned every treacherous trick that a razor-edge mountain belt could dream up.

Dipping in air pockets and buffeted by the storm, they fought through the skies.

Suddenly Paul Richards caught Red's arm. "Down there, Red. Looks like a lake."

"I saw it, Paul," answered the scarlet-topped airman. "It's Arnett's Notch, all right. I'm taking her down. Cross your fingers."

Gently Red nursed the SEABEE down toward the tiny lake set in the heart of heavily wooded mountains. From a cluster of cabins at the water's edge, out ran two little figures. As Red did a quick slip to lose altitude, preparing to land at the southern end of the lake, they waved him off frantically.

"Hold it," cried Richards. "They don't want us to come in."

"And no wonder," gritted Red. "I see rocks under the surface down there. Let's try the north edge."

This time, the campers waved the plane in encouragingly. As it hit the water and ploughed to a jouncing stop, they got into a boat and began to row out to it.

"Hello, there," shouted Richards through the rain, when the men got within hailing distance. "We hear you've got a sick boy here. We came up to get him to the hospital in a hurry!"

"Great!" called the man in the bow of the boat. "If you'll come in a bit, we'll bring him out to you."

Red taxied in as close to the bank as he dared. On the shore, several campers carried a boy, swathed in blankets and on an improvised stretcher, from one of the cabins. Carefully, they bore him out into the shallows and transferred him to the cabin of the bobbing plane.

"What's wrong with him?" Richards shouted down against the noise of the driving rain.

"Don't know!" replied one of the campers through cupped hands. "He says he's got terrible cramps. We didn't want to risk keeping him here a second longer than we had to."

"And that," Red Skye said to himself, "is my cue to high-tail it out of here and back to Kingston!"

With the aid of the waist-deep campers he turned the plane in the shallows, revved up his motor and started a take-off run, pulling the throttle back till it was wide open. Faster and faster the SEABEE skimmed the rough surface of the lake, till suddenly it was clear of the slapping waves, skimming over the opposite mountains in a steep climb.

Red looked over at his boss, who was bending over the white-faced boy in the blankets. "Paul, how is he?"

"Hard to tell," Richards answered. "But in half an hour he'll be in doctor's hands, and then we'll know for sure."

Red peered ahead into the murk, as the SEABEE hurtled forward at top speed. This rescue mission was as real as any errand of war destruction he had ever been on. He had to make good!

TWO HOURS later, Red Skye and Paul Richards waited anxiously outside the operating room of the Kingston Hospital. The door opened and a surgeon came out, stripping gloves from his hands.

Red and Richards pressed forward.

"How's the boy, doctor? Will he be all right?"

The surgeon whirled to face them.

"Are you the two men who flew him down from the camp? You did a good job. He was suffering from acute appendicitis. Another few hours and I couldn't have saved him."

His lined face broke into a warm smile. "But we've operated in time. He'll live!"

Suddenly a familiar voice boomed out—"Mr. Richards! Red! I'd like to talk to you."

**T**HE TWO flying men turned to see H. C. Field, president of the CONDOR CO., coming down the hall.

"Mr. Field! What are you doing here? Wha—"

"I've changed my mind, Richards, about that transport contract," said the mining executive. "I'd like you to come down to my office now, to discuss terms."

"You mean you'll give us the contract? But why?" asked Richards.

"First, because you've proved to me, in flying this sick boy down from the mountains, that you can lick tough weather conditions to do a job.

"And, second, because the name of the young boy you rescued was Tom Field. He's my only son!"

**The End**

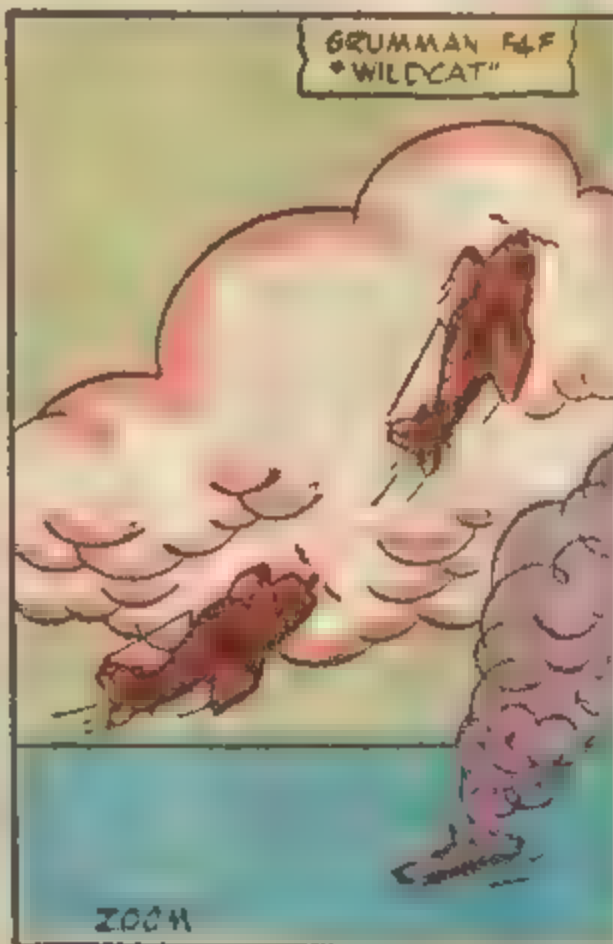
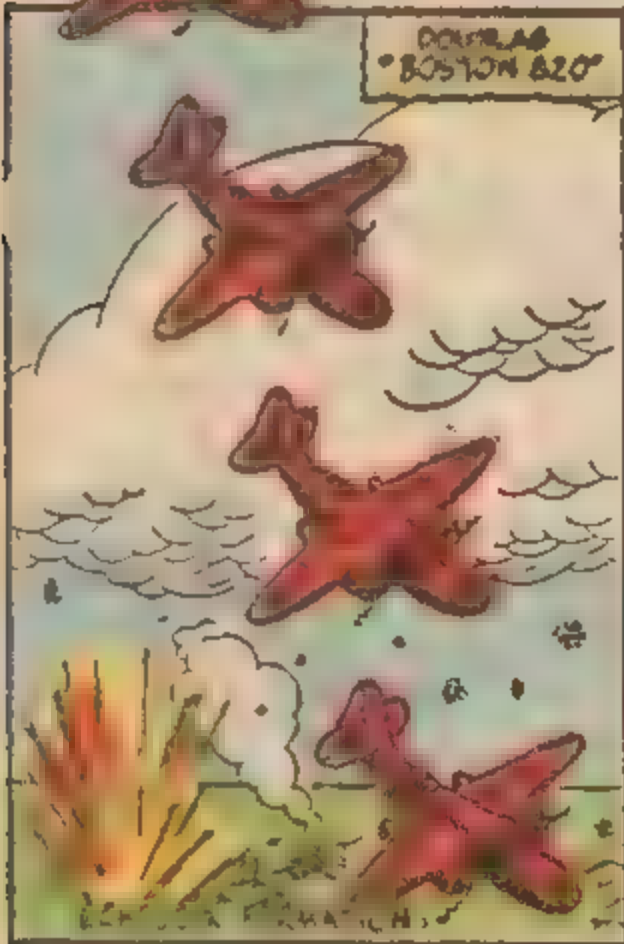




CAPT. MIDNIGHT'S

# STRATO-FACTS

ARE YOU READY ACES,  
HERE'S A PAGE OF  
SCINTILLATING AERIAL  
MANEUVERS THAT ARE  
FAVORITES WITH OUR  
FIGHTING PILOTS!





# JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR



JOHNNY BLAIR, RETURNED FROM THE PACIFIC, HAS JUST LANDED HIS FIRST REAL FLYING JOB WORKING FOR "BIFF" JONES, PRESIDENT OF HILLCREST AIRPORT. AND NO SOONER DOES HE GET THE JOB THAN A STERN TEST CONFRONTS HIM---BATTLING A FOREST FIRE THAT THREATENS TO SWEEP THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE !!

COMON, HARRY AND JOHNNY! WE'VE GOT A TOUGH SESSION AHEAD OF US! THE FOREST PATROL SAYS THE FIRE IS MAKING HEADWAY!

RIGHT WITH YOU, BIFF! I'VE GOT A JOHNSON ROCKET READY TO BUZZ ON THE STRIP!

THE THREE AIRMEN CLIMB INTO THE SPEEDY ROCKET AND ARE SOON HEADING TOWARD THE FIRE

GOSH, THERE'S SMOKE FROM THE FIRE ALREADY, BIFF! HOW ARE WE GOING TO HELP?

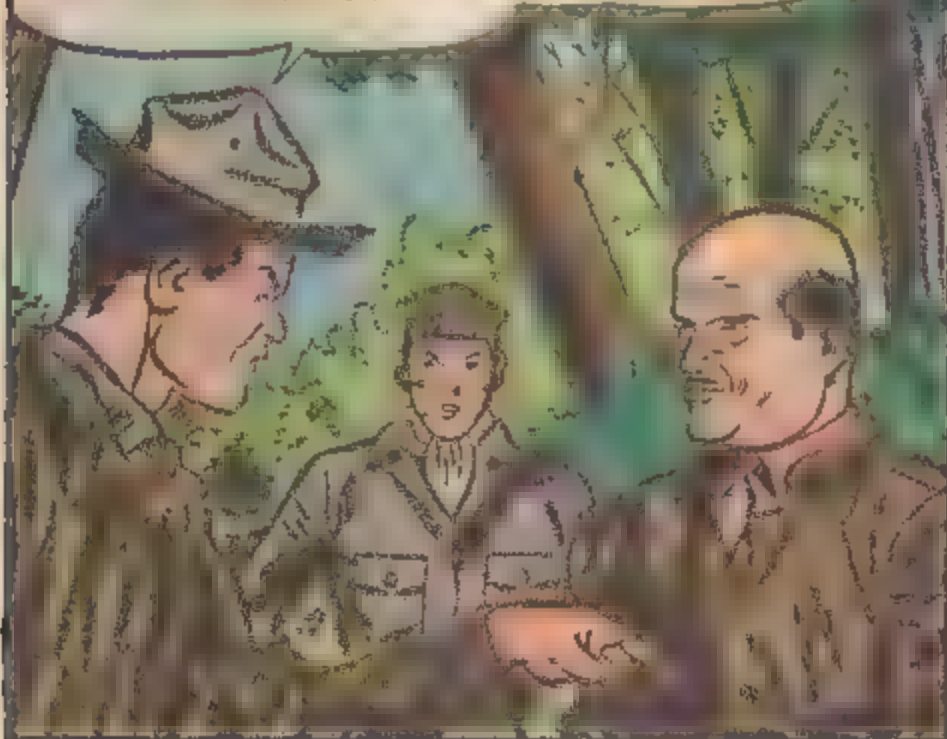
PLENTY OF WAYS. I'LL TAKE HER DOWN IN THAT LONG OPEN MEADOW AND YOU'LL SOON SEE

HI, THERE. I'M BIFF JONES OF HILLCREST. WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND CAME UP TO HELP!

THANKS BIFF. I'M CAPTAIN ANDREWS OF THE FOREST PATROL. WE'LL PUT YOU RIGHT TO WORK.

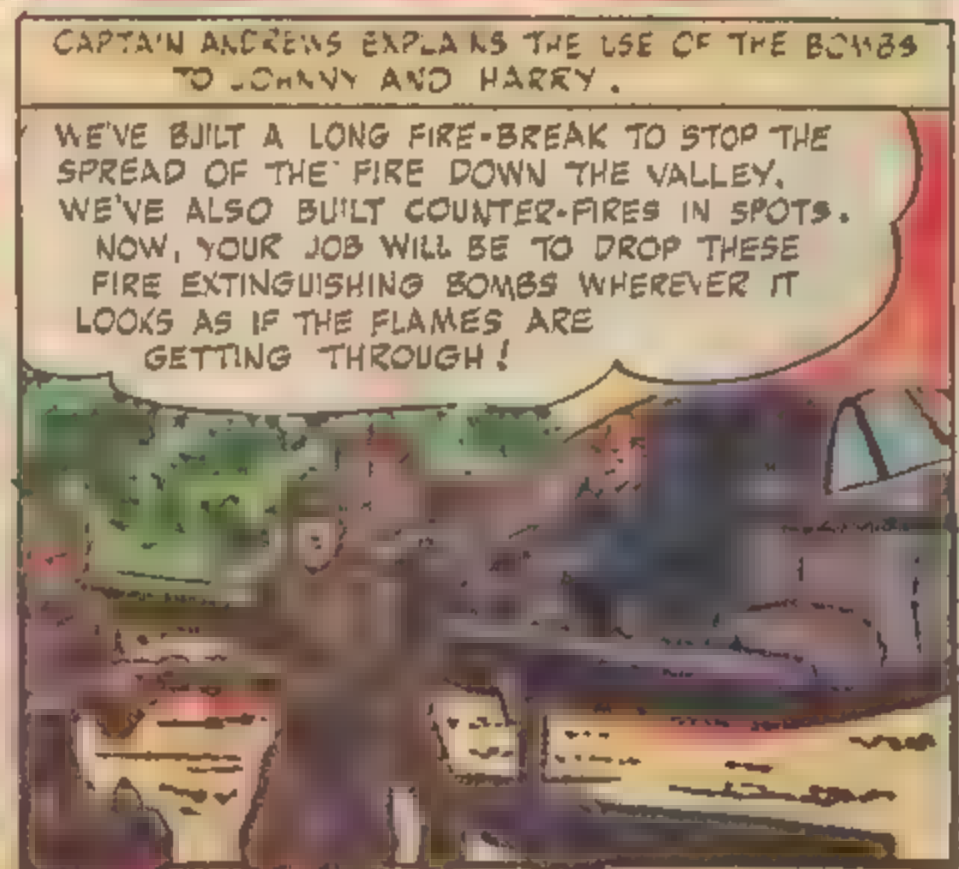
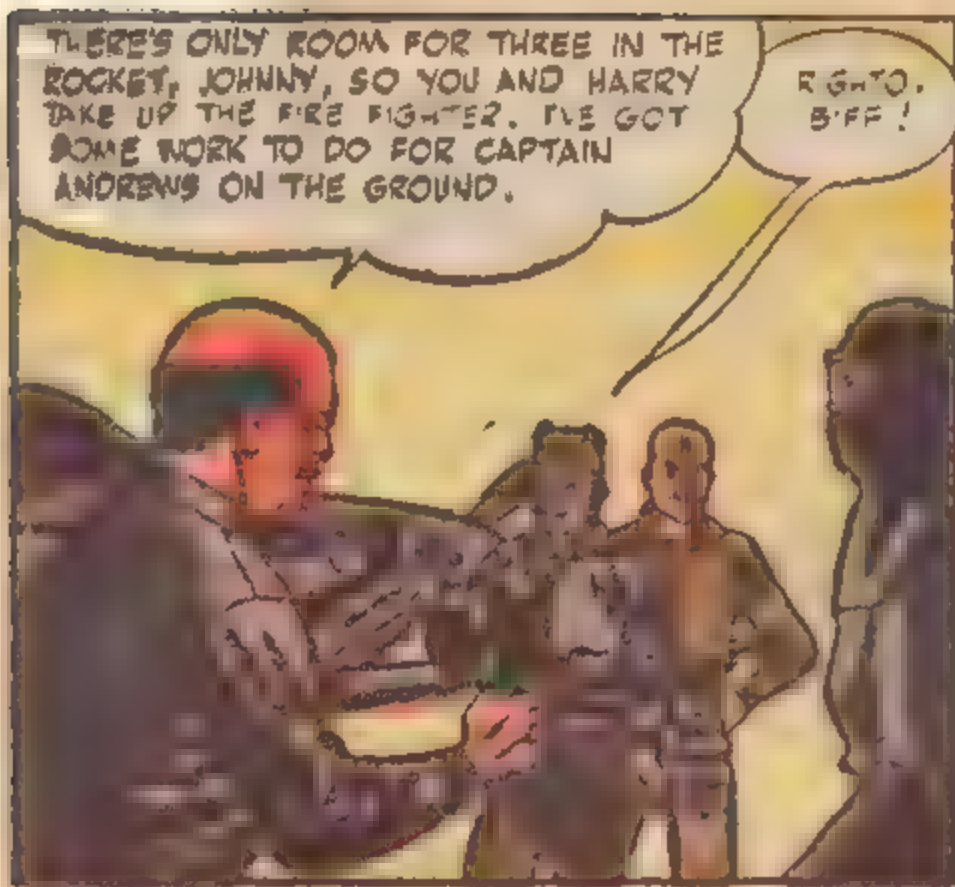
FIRST WE'LL WANT YOU TO DROP A FIRE FIGHTER INTO A PART OF THE WOODS THAT HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED YET!

HIS CLOTHES WILL PROTECT HIM FROM FIRE, AND HE'LL USE HIS PORTABLE PUMP OUT TO PUT OUT SMALL BLAZES.





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

JOHNNY AND HARRY TAKE OFF AGAIN ...

GOSH, THIS'LL BE TICKLISH GOING, HARRY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO USE **DIVE-BOMBING** TACTICS IN DROPPING THESE EGGS!

THAT'S RIGHT, SON, AN' TH'S PLANE ISN'T BUILT FOR THAT KIND OF ACTION.



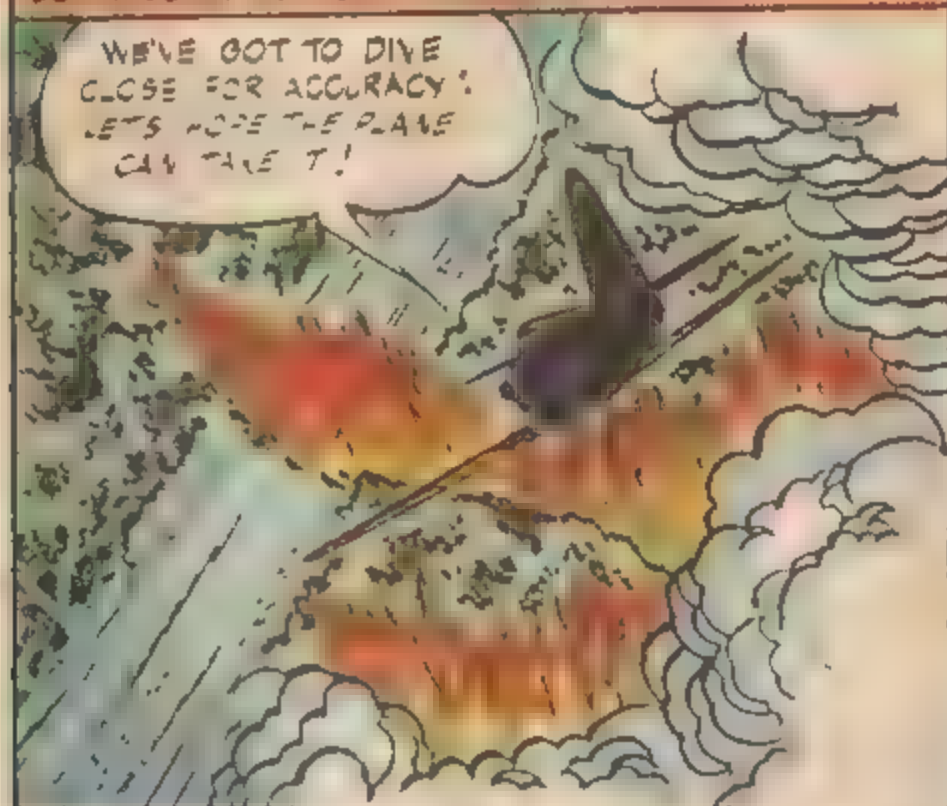
HEY, LOOK DOWN THERE! THOSE FLAMES ARE CROSSING THE FIRE-BREAK!

SURE 'NOLGH, JOHNNY. LET'S GET 'EM!



DOWN DOWN WHIRTLES THE SNEET ROCKET.

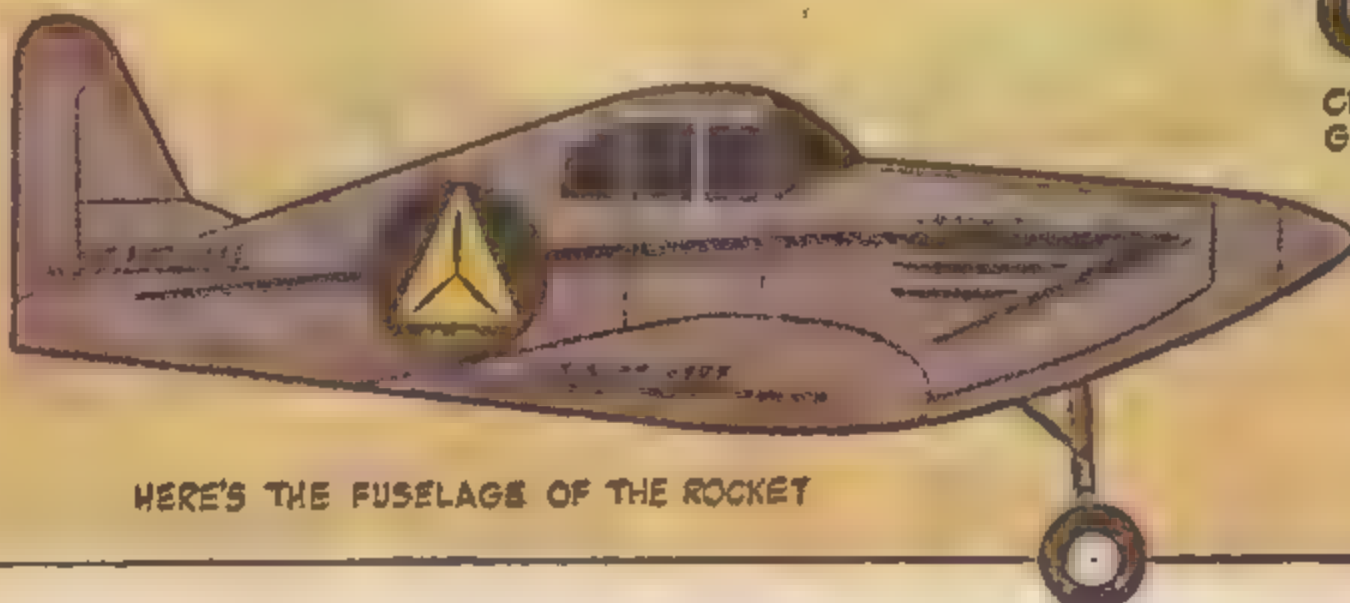
WE'VE GOT TO DIVE CLOSE FOR ACCURACY! LET'S HOPE THE PLANE CAN TAKE IT!



NICE GOING, JOHNNY! RIGHT ON THE NOSE, AN' THE ROCKET IS TAKING US OUT OF IT!



HEY, FELLAS! HERE'S A CUTOUT OF THE VERY PLANE JOHNNY IS USING IN FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE--- THE JOHNSON AIRCRAFT'S 3-PLACE JOB, THE ROCKET. CUT OUT THE ROCKET, PASTE ON STIFF CARDBOARD, AND ASSEMBLE AS INDICATED. PUT A PAPER CLIP ON THE NOSE TO MAKE IT GLIDE.



HERE'S THE FUSELAGE OF THE ROCKET



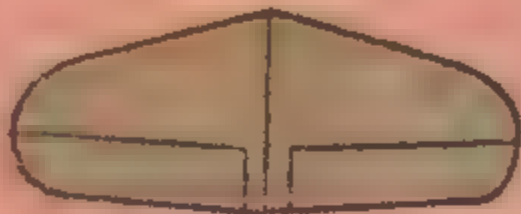
CUT OUT THE LANDING GEAR AND ATTACH AS INDICATED.



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



HERE ARE THE WINGS OF THE JOHNSON ROCKET. CUT OUT AND PUT THROUGH WING SLOT.



CUT OUT TAIL AND PUT THROUGH TAIL SLOT

ALL YOU NEED IS A SCISSORS AND A GLUE POT... AND YOU CAN BUILD THESE AUTHENTIC STREAMLINERS OF THE SKIES FEATURED FIRST EACH MONTH IN JOHNNY BLAIR!

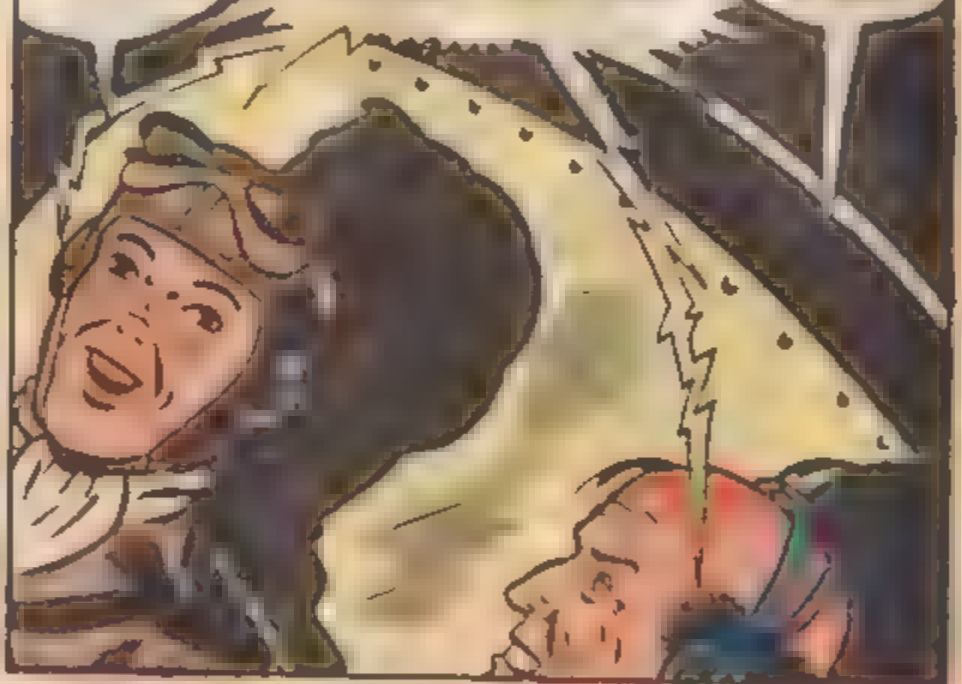
AGAIN AND AGAIN, JOHNNY AND HARRY DROPPED THE FLAME QUENCHING BOMBS ALONG THE FIRE-BREAK.

THAT ALMOST DOES IT, HARRY. JUST A COUPLE OF MORE SPOTS AND WE'RE THROUGH.



HEY BOSS CALL US ON THE RADIO!

CALLING JOHNNY BLAIR! CLAY, JOHNNY, YOU CAN COME IN NOW. WE'LL GET BACK TO THE JOBS DOLE! OVER. THE FIELD.



THE FIRES LOCATED, BOSS, AND THE VALLEYS SAVED! YOU DO A GREAT JOB!

ANDREWS IS RIGHT FELLAS. NOW LET'S FLY BACK TO HILLCREST. I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT A NEW ASSIGNMENT.



NEW ASSIGNMENT? WHAT'S THAT, BOSS?

WELL, JOHNNY A LOT OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE-FIGHTERS ARE FARMERS AND THEY WERE SO IMPRESSED BY THE JOB YOU DO THAT THEY WANT US TO SHOW THEM HOW THEY CAN USE A PLANE ON THE FARM!



NEXT ISSUE, JOHNNY BLAIR WILL DEMONSTRATE THE TRICKS OF FLYING FARMING!





**A SALON TYPE  
COLD WAVE  
PERMANENT**

*in 2 to 3 hours*

**It's Easy as Combing Your Hair**

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Girls, you can know the joy of *natural looking* curls and waves by tonight. Think of it, — — with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving Cold Waves costing up to \$15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

THE NEW  
*Charm-Kurl*  
**SUPREME COLD WAVE**

MADE IN CANADA

MADE IN CANADA



Each kit comes  
in a compact  
box and is  
easy to use  
to give your  
self a gorgeous  
permanent  
wave.

The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE KIT is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.

● PRICE IN CANADA \$1.35 AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS. CANADIAN ADDRESS: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



INDIA---THE LAND OF STEAMING JUNGLES, PONDEROUS FACIYDERMS, AND ANCIENT LEGENDS---HAS A MODERN SIDE, PLUS AN ENTIRELY MODERN MENACE. AND ALMOST TOO LATE, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT BATTERS HIS WAY THROUGH TO ALL THE ANSWERS...TOUGH ANSWERS, IN A GRAND FINALE OF...

## "DEADLY BUSINESS"



WHEN IT'S A MATTER OF SAVING HUMAN LIFE, THE INVENTIVE GENIUS OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS ALWAYS AT WORK. IN A REMOTE PART OF INDIA...

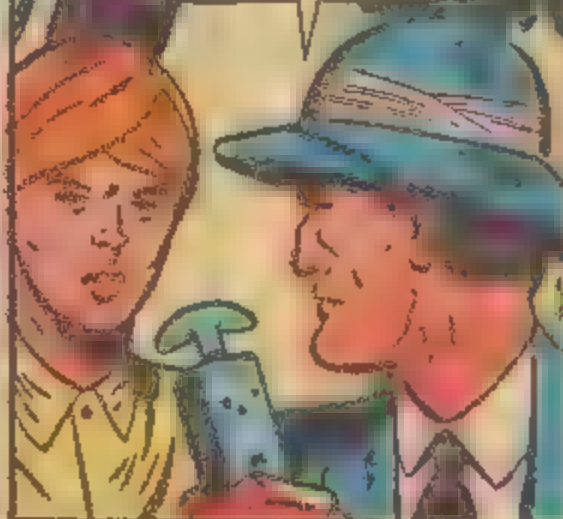
HERE IT IS, RAJAH JADOR---THE SPRAY GUN THAT'S GOING TO RID YOUR JUNGLES OF MALARIAL MOSQUITOES!

MARVELOUS!



I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF MAKING THE JUNGLE A HEALTHIER PLACE FOR MY PEOPLE.

WITH THIS OUTFIT RIGGED ON YOUR PLANE, SPRAYING WILL BE SIMPLE!

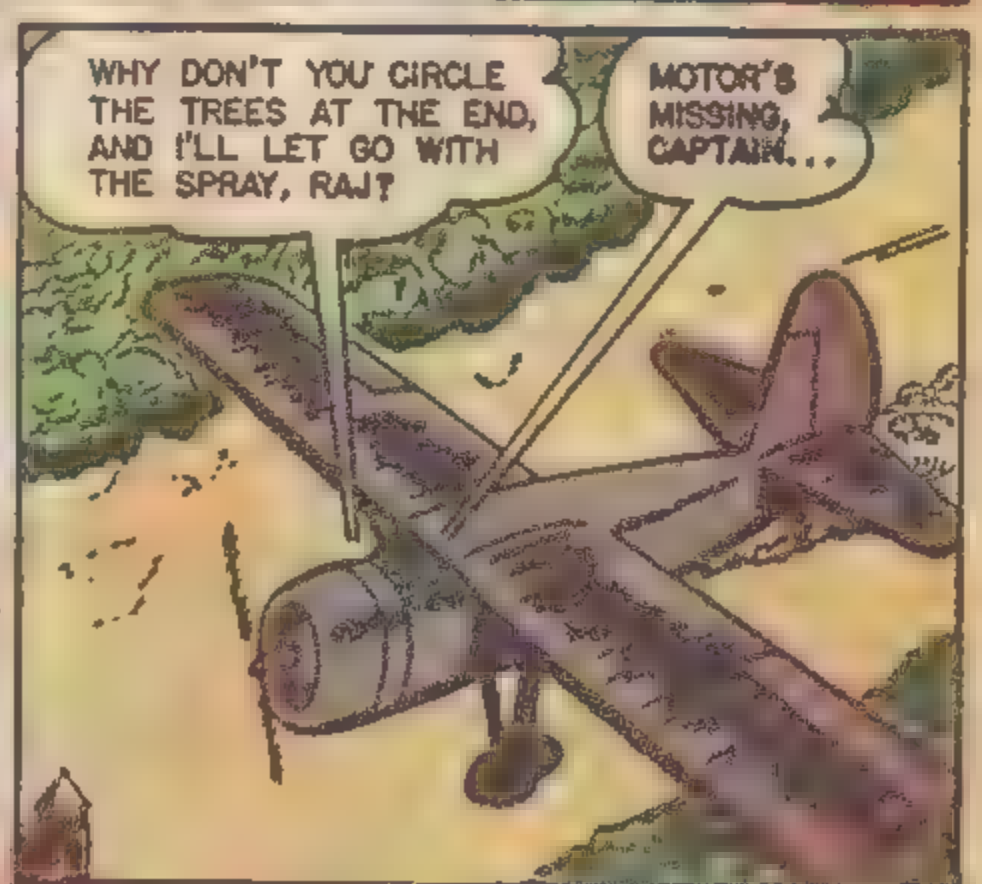
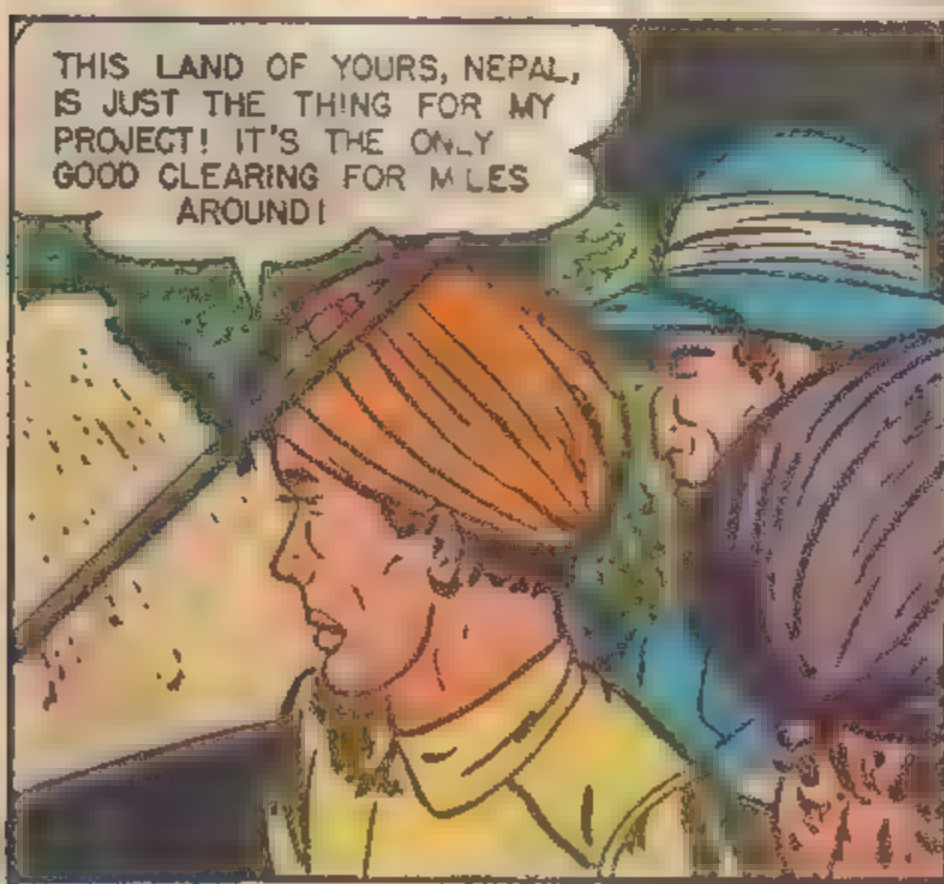
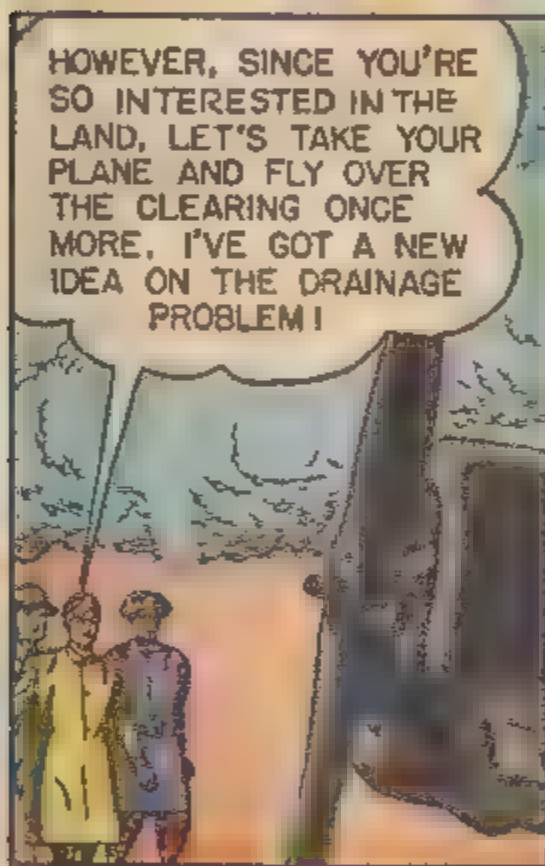
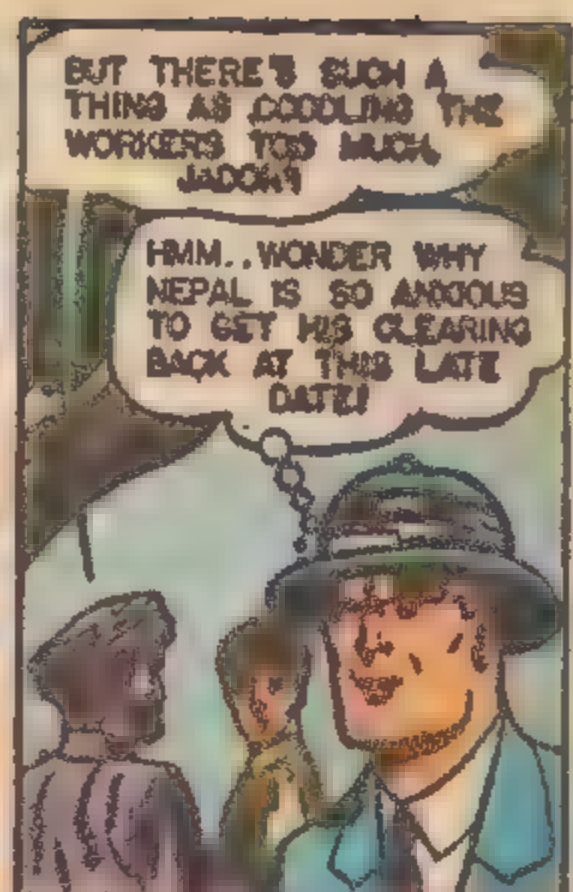
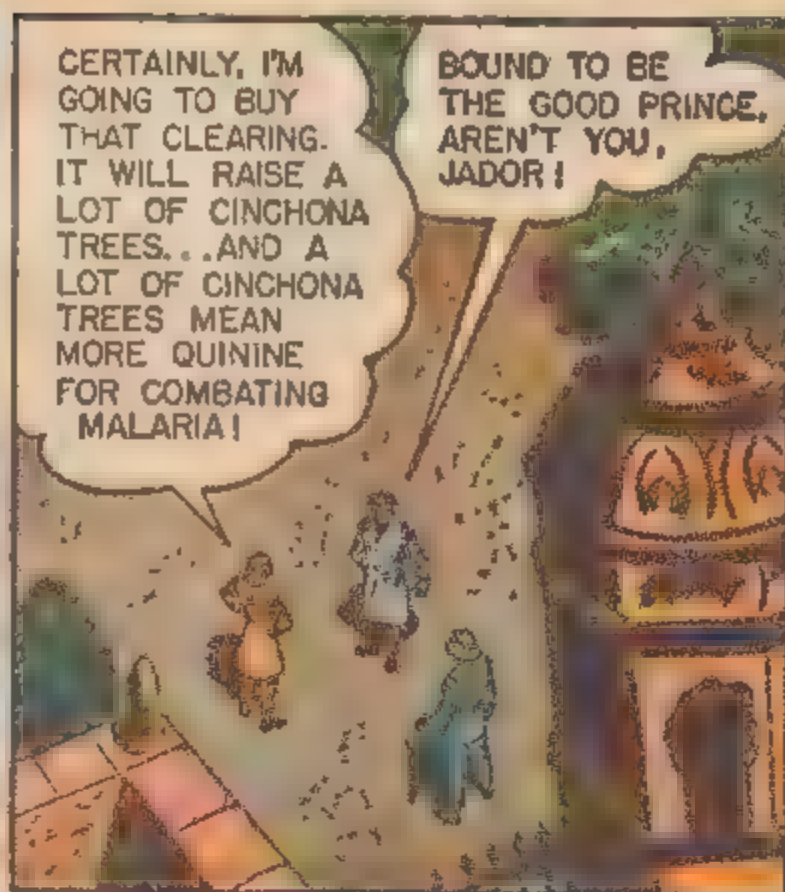


HOW ABOUT GOING UP RIGHT NOW AND GIVING IT A TRY?

WAIT...HERE COMES MY NEIGHBOR, RAJAH NEPAL, PROBABLY STILL TRYING TO GET ME TO GIVE UP MY OPTION ON HIS LAND!











WE'RE OUT OF GAS...  
B-BUT ONE OF THE  
MEN JUST FILLED  
UP THE TANK!

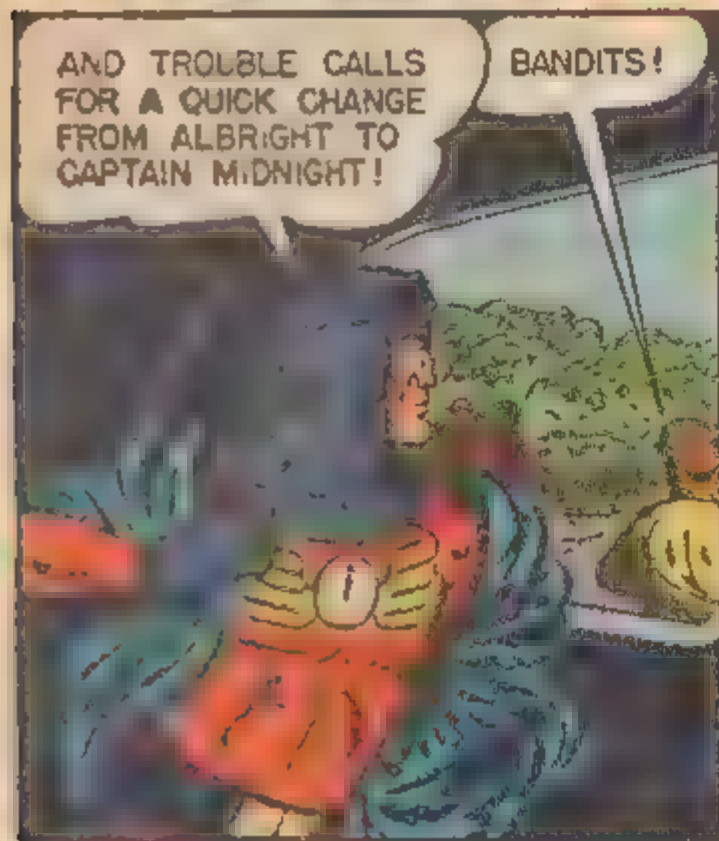


HERE THEY COME! AND DON'T  
FORGET-WE TAKE **ALL** OF  
THEM PRISONER!



JUST LUCKY WE  
WERE NEAR THE  
CLEARING FOR  
THIS LANDING,  
NEPAL!

OH, OH...LOOKS  
AS IF WE WERE  
IN FOR SOME  
TROUBLE!



AND TROUBLE CALLS  
FOR A QUICK CHANGE  
FROM ALBRIGHT TO  
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

BANDITS!



THE ONLY THING YOU  
FELLOWS ARE GOING  
TO GET FROM US IS  
A HEADACHE!

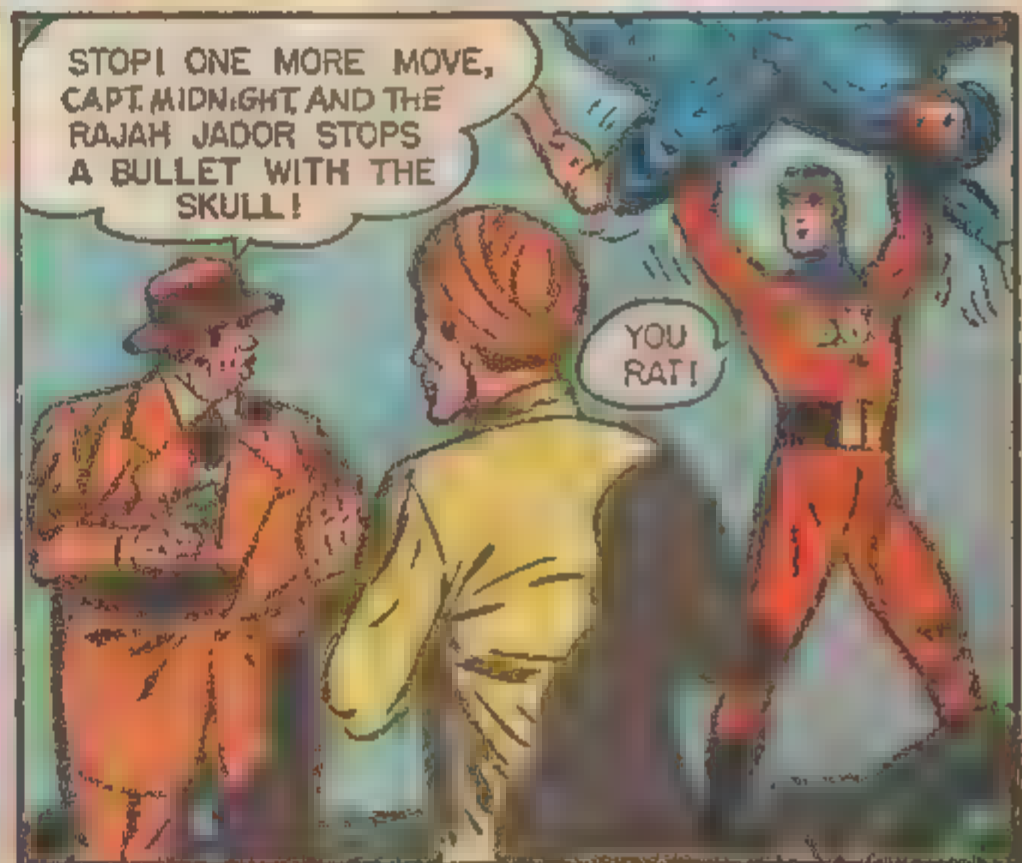
LOOK . CAPT  
MIDNIGHT!



YOU SEE? A  
BIG HEADACHE!

UGH!

OOF!

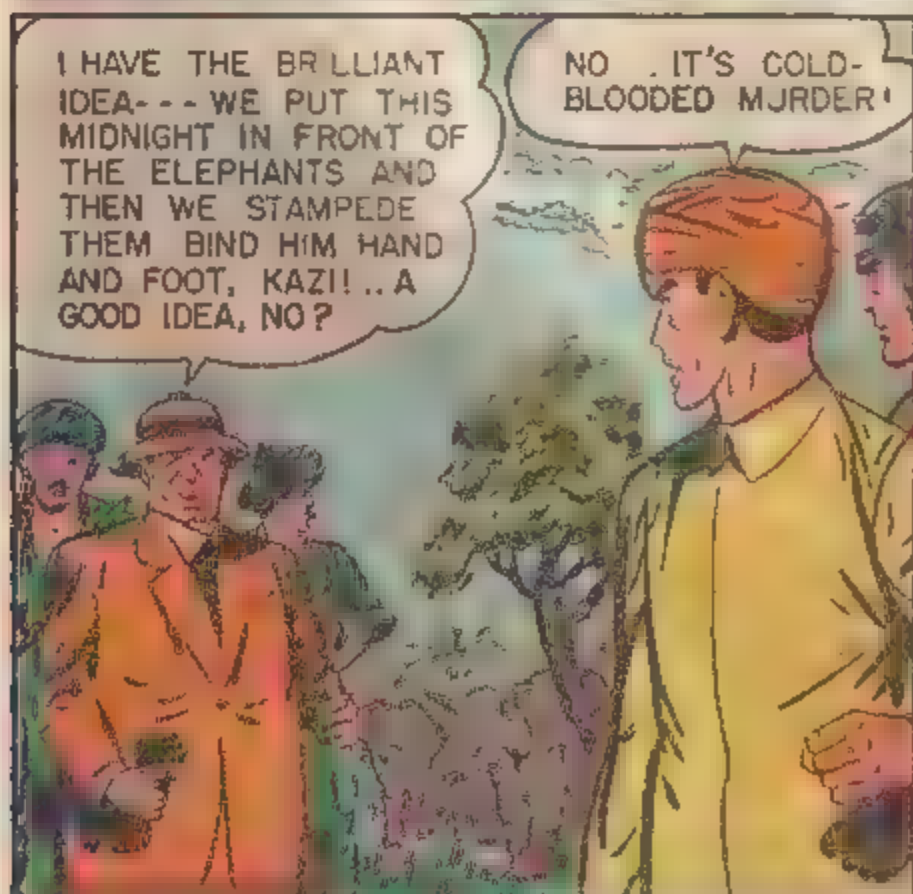
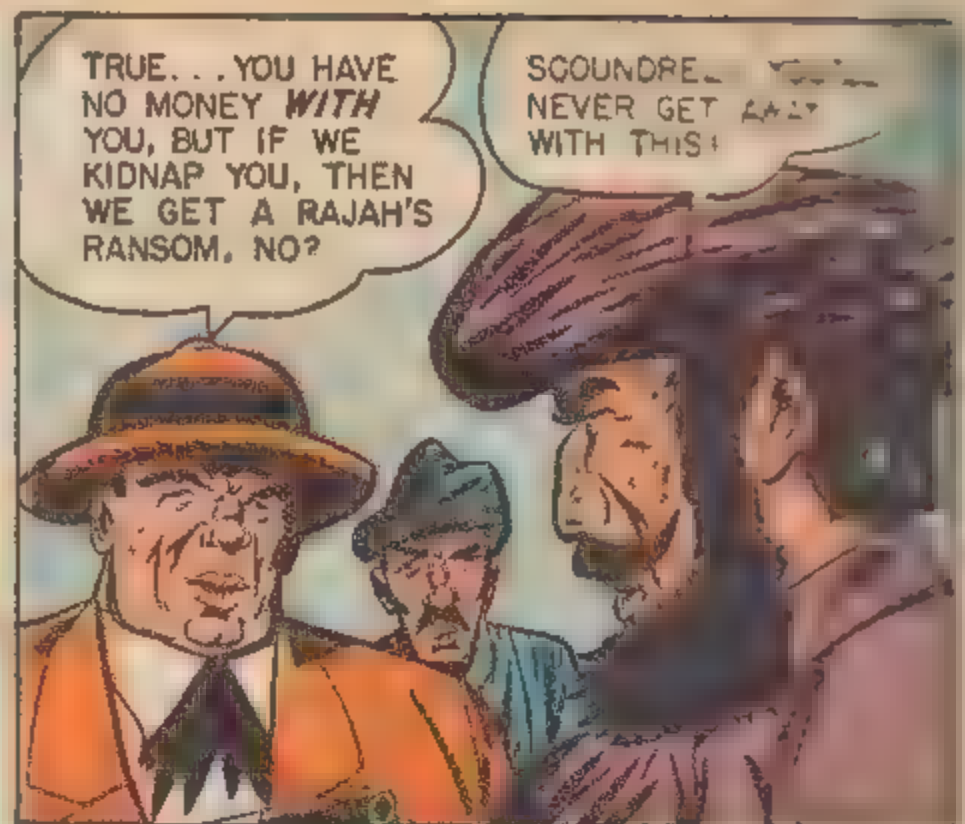


STOP! ONE MORE MOVE,  
CAPT. MIDNIGHT, AND THE  
RAJAH JADOR STOPS  
A BULLET WITH THE  
SKULL!

YOU  
RAT!

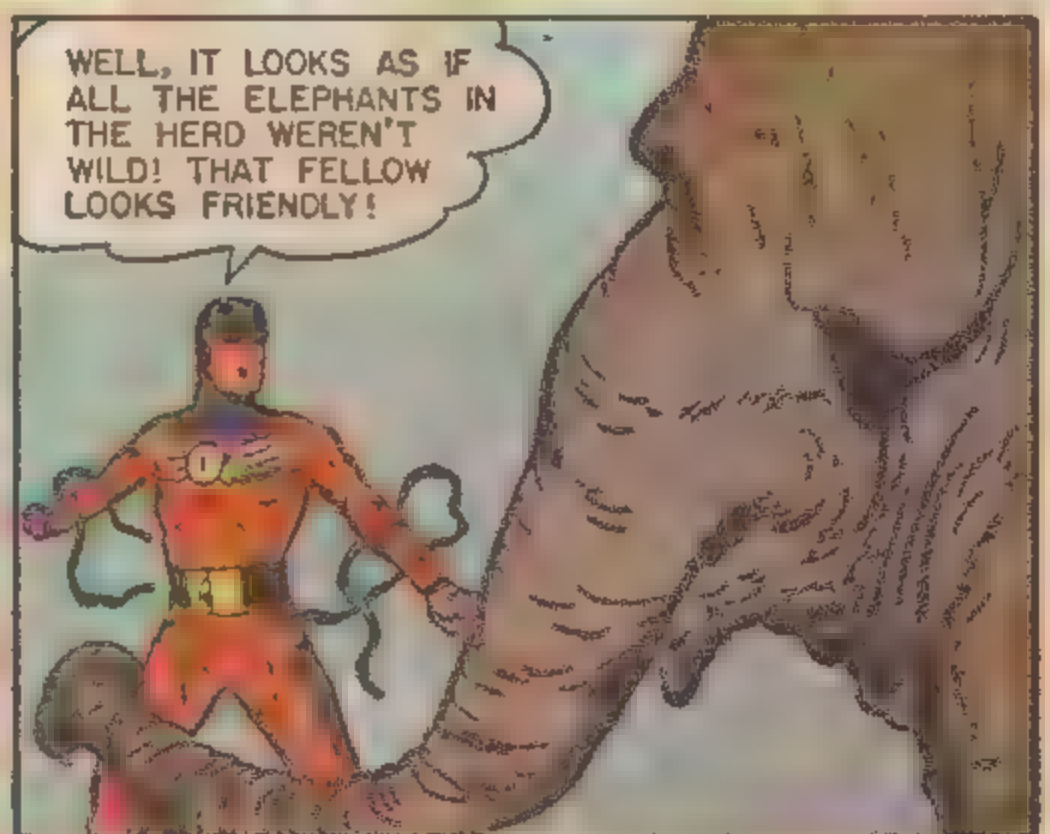
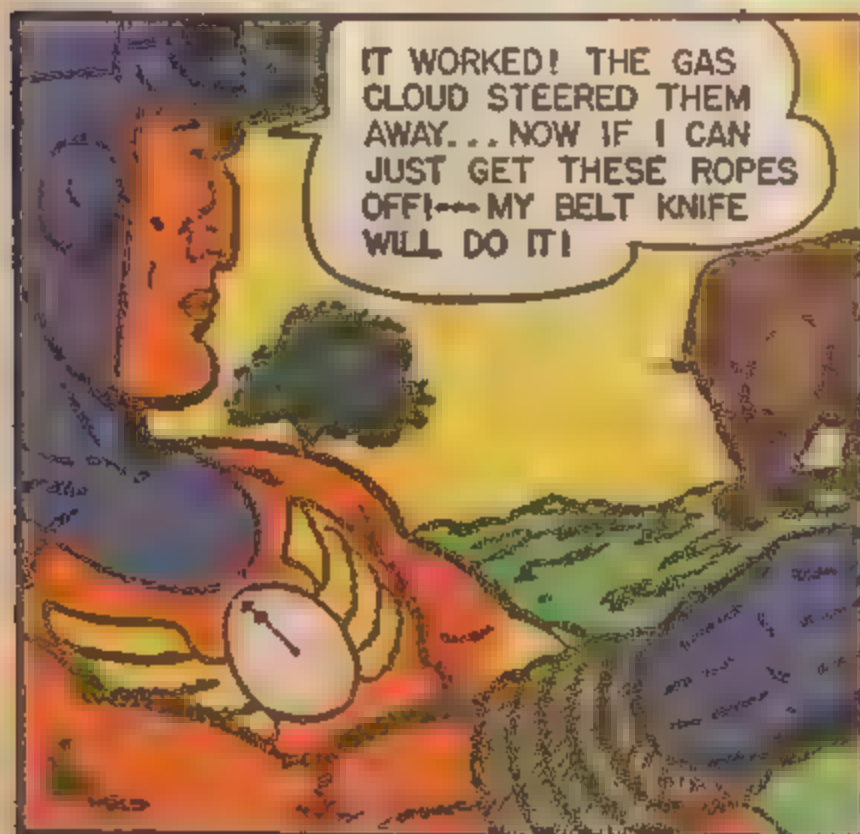
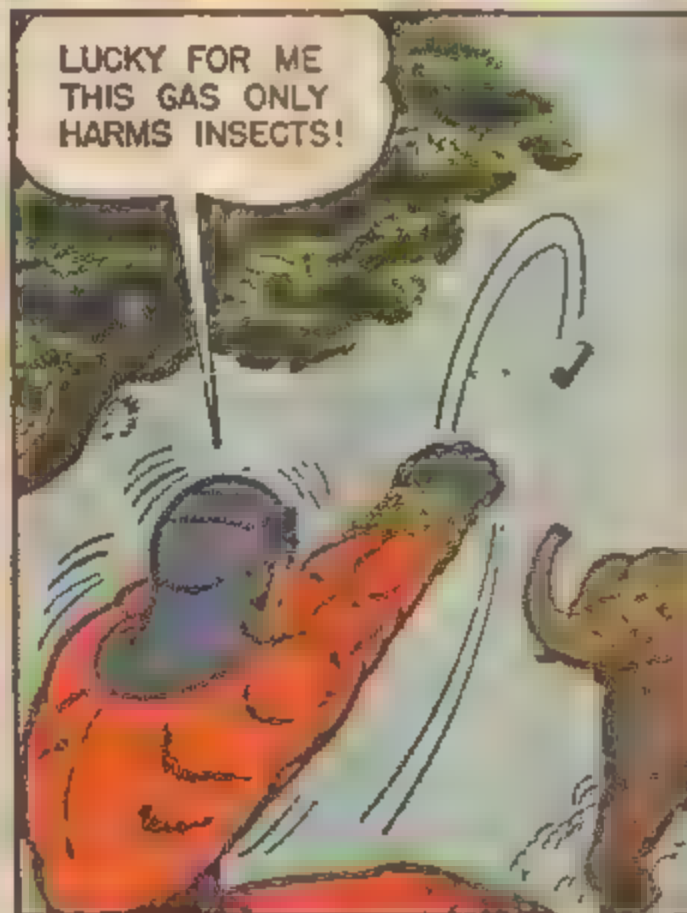
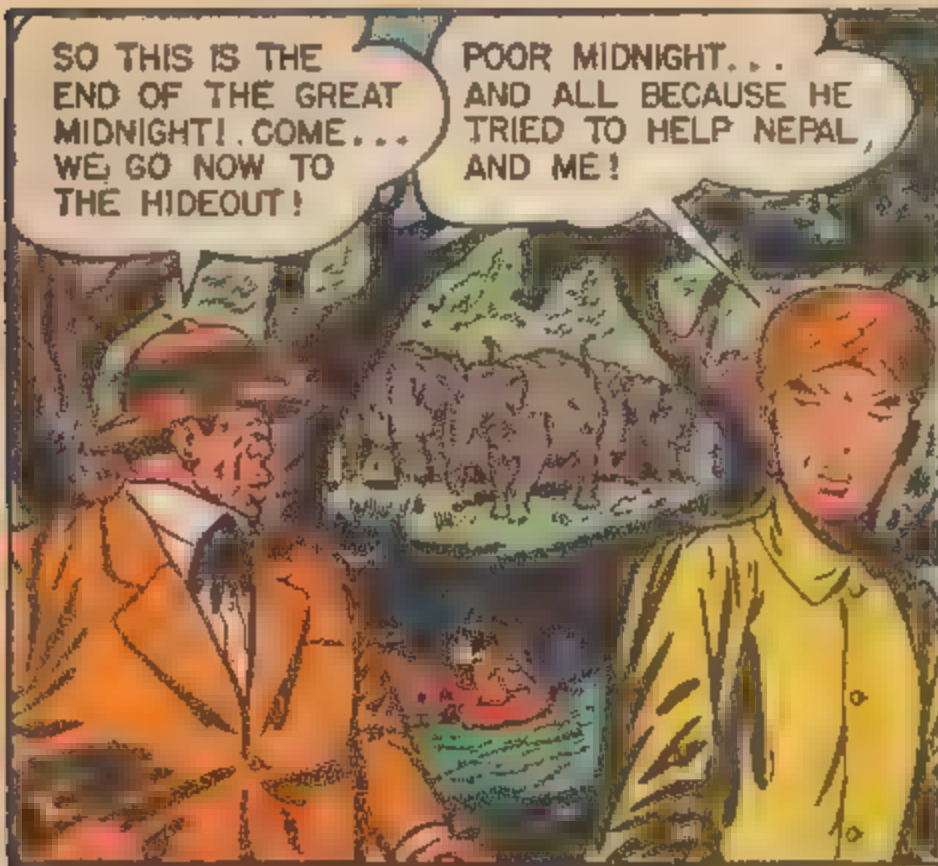


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





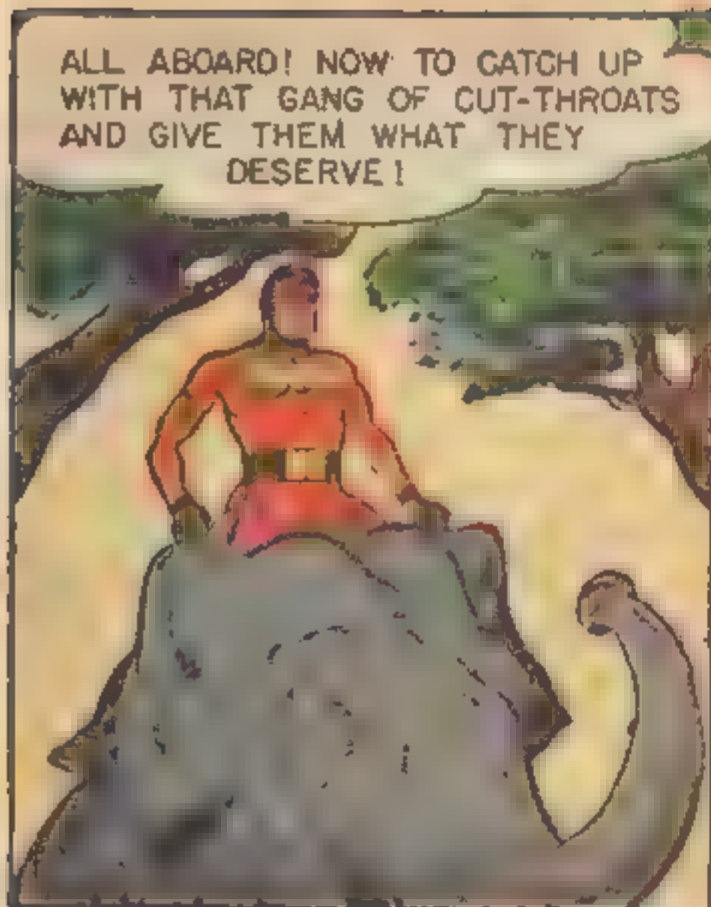
# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ALL ABOARD! NOW TO CATCH UP WITH THAT GANG OF CUT-THROATS AND GIVE THEM WHAT THEY DESERVE!



THE LEADER OF THIS GANG CERTAINLY HAD THINGS WORKED OUT TO PERFECTION... JADOR'S TAKING THIS TRIP OVER THE CLEARING WITH JUST ENOUGH GAS TO GET HIM THERE! HMM, I WONDER...



I WONDER IF THERE ISN'T SOMETHING MORE TO THIS THAN JUST KIDNAPPING... THIS LETTER DROPPED BY NEPAL... BRITISH IMPERIAL AIRWAYS...



GREAT. SCOTT! NOW I GET IT... NOW I SEE WHY THE RAJAH IS BEING KIDNAPPED



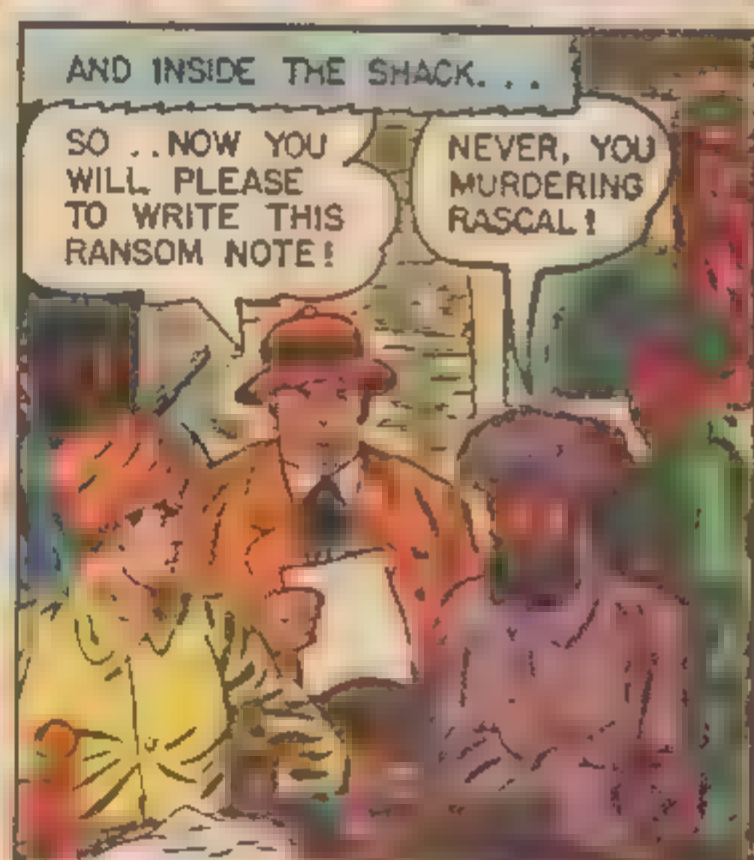
THE END OF THE TRAIL... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE IF MY SCHEME WORKS!



AND INSIDE THE SHACK...

SO... NOW YOU WILL PLEASE TO WRITE THIS RANSOM NOTE!

NEVER, YOU MURDERING RASCAL!



YOW! A WILD ELEPHANT! --- W-WE'RE MOVING!

THE SHACK... IT WILL FALL OVER THE CLIFF!

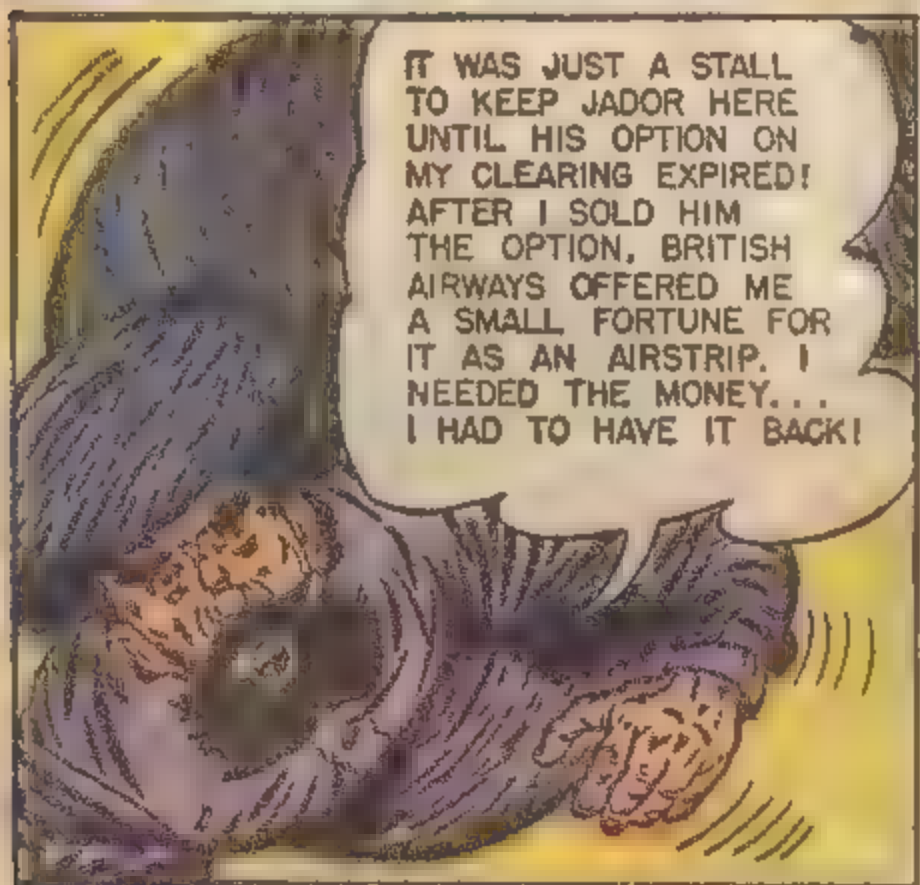
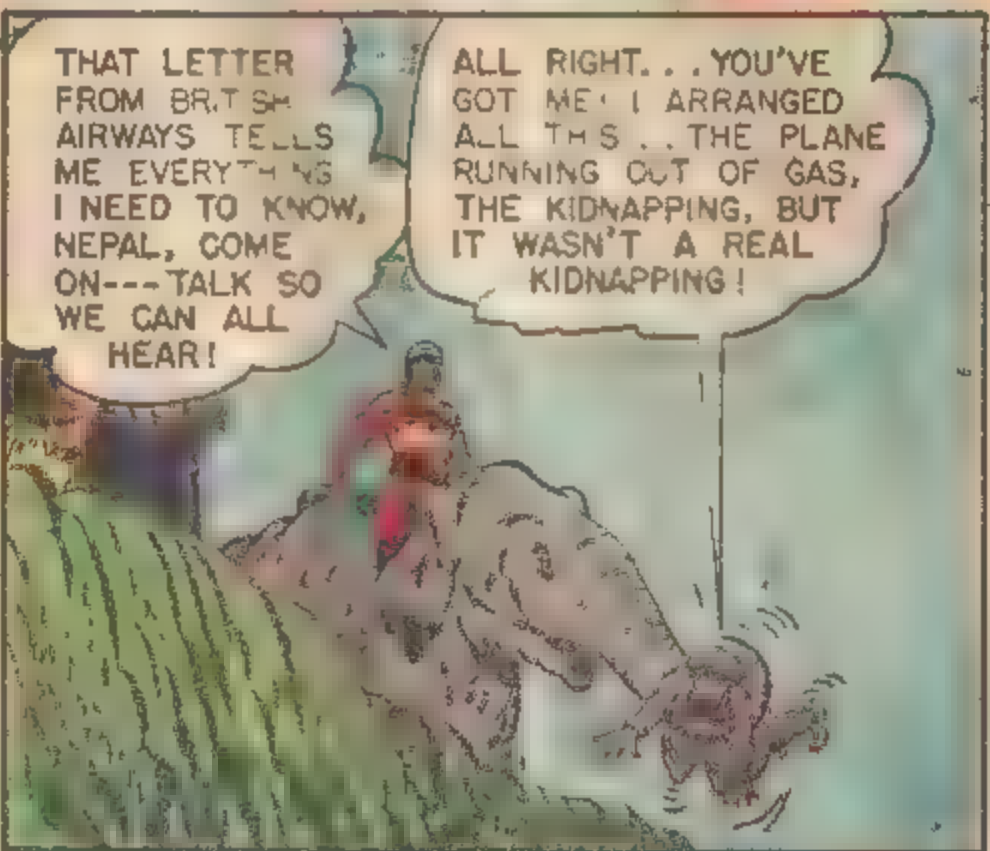
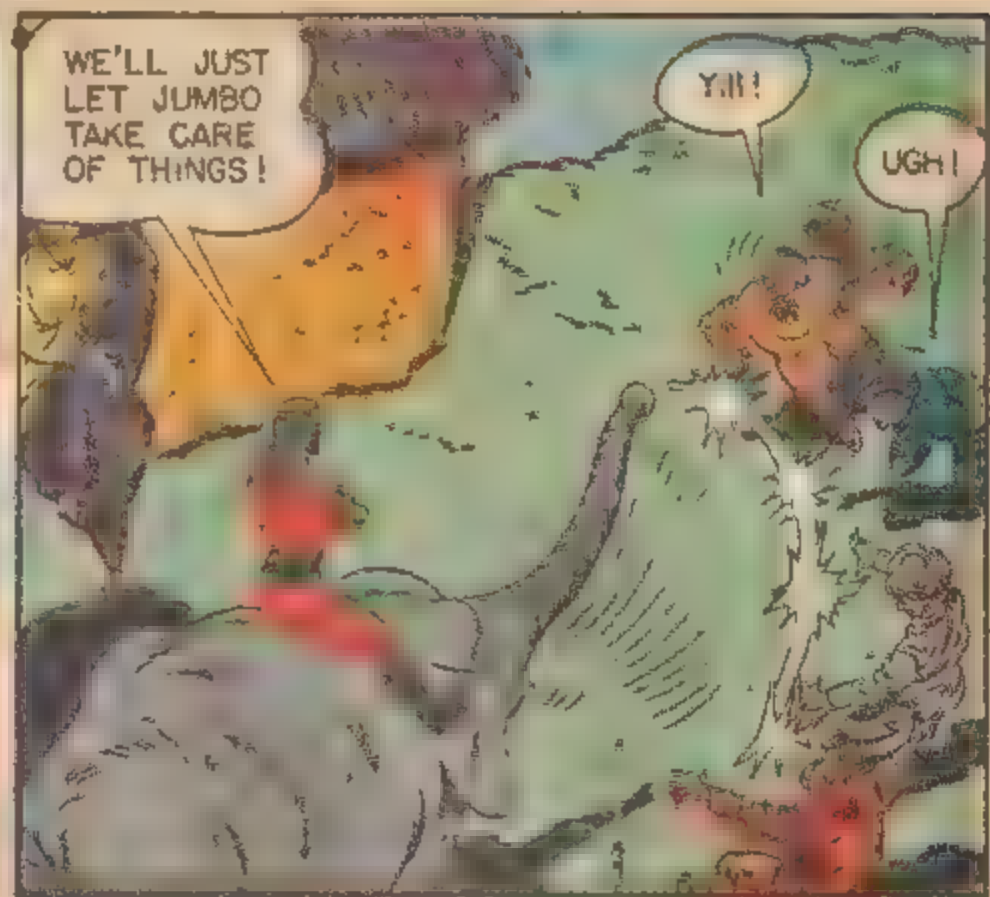


IF YOU DON'T ALL WANT TO CRASH INTO THE GULLY, THROW AWAY YOUR ARMS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH!

STOP! WE COME OUT!... IT'S MIDNIGHT-*ALIVE!*











# Snap! Crackle! and Pop!

## And the Mountain Climbers!

Plenty of excitement in this latest adventure of Snap! Crackle! and Pop!—the merry little elves you hear every time you eat delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies!



HELP! WE'RE LOSING OUR GRIP! WE CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER!

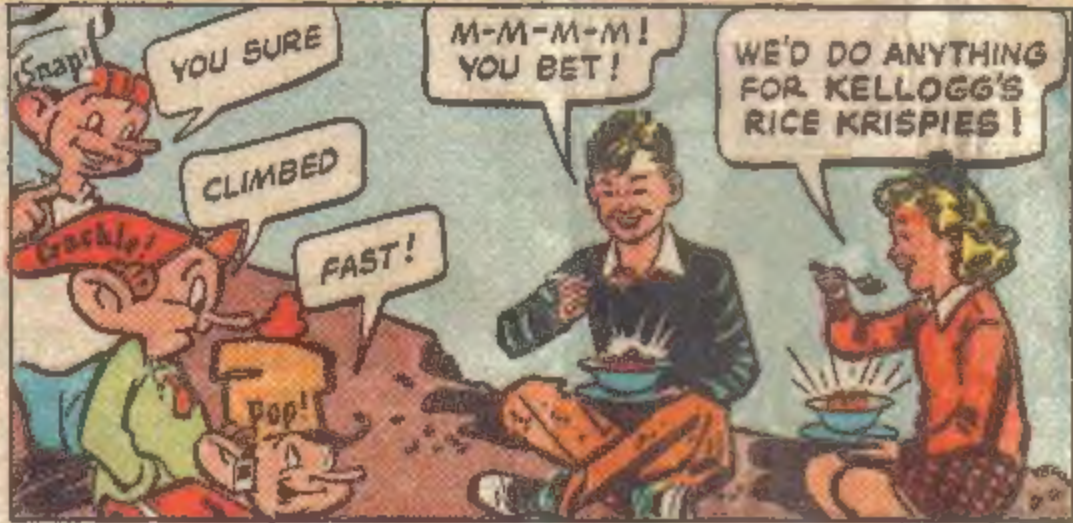


WE'LL SAVE YOU!



I HEAR RICE KRISPIES! LEMME AT 'EM!

OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT SOME, TOO!



YOU SURE CLIMBED FAST!

M-M-M-M! YOU BET!

WE'D DO ANYTHING FOR KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES!

**LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN!**  
HEAR SNAP! CRACKLE! AND POP!  
AT BREAKFAST!



RICE KRISPIES is the trade mark [Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.] of Kellogg's brand of oven-popped rice.

**FOR FLAVOR! FOR ENERGY!**

Eat Kellogg's Rice Krispies because they're swell-tasting! Because they can give you energy! Because they help build husky bodies! Crisp. And dee-licious! Ask Mom to get 'em at the grocer's.



**Kellogg's**

THE GREATEST NAME IN CEREALS

Battle Creek and Omaha



# GET STRONG! HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL



Now have those bulging strong man muscles. Get strong! Mould a powerful all-around body lined with steel-like muscles. Boast of sinewy arms like the village blacksmith... a crushing grip... a mighty chest... a powerful back that shows superman strength and legs that spell ENDURANCE. Yes... just 15 MINUTES A DAY with this PROGRESSIVE COMBINATION will quickly do the trick. Get this 6-way home gym. NOW... start building tomorrow's muscles TODAY. Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

## A Six-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set

This outfit is rightly named a 6-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set... Includes practically all the advantages of a gym and permits you to do your training and muscle building right at home in spare time. The beauty of it is that you add resistance as you increase your strength. In quick time, you will be handling the 5 super-power live rubber cables. The Bar-Bell hook-up permits you to do all kinds of Bar-Bell workouts, to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of legs, chest, arms and back so you build as you train. Then there are expertly prepared pictures and printed instructions to show you just what to do to get bursting strength fast. All of the following are included:

1. Bar-Bell Equipment for powerful muscles in every part of the body.
2. The 5 Cable Progressive Chest Builder for building a mighty chest and mighty arms.
3. Patented Foot Stirrups and Muscle Co-ordinator for complete body building.
4. Rowing machine for back and legs.
5. Grip of Steel for wrist and hand muscles.
6. Wall Pull for shoulders.

ALL MADE WITH U. S. GOVERNMENT RELEASED SURPLUS AIRPLANE CORD.

Adjustable to strength requirements. Also included is a complete illustrated course of instructions.

## 10 Days FREE Trial

Order the "WHITELY GYM"... use it for 10 days... see how it develops you... if not satisfied, return it and your \$8.98 will be refunded.

### Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon. Mail to us today. Pay in accordance with instructions in coupon. Act now because supply is limited.

MUSCLE POWER CO.  
Dept. 9307  
366 East 153rd Street  
New York 55, N. Y.



## FREE

With your order, we include a pair of Patented Foot Stirrups... Important for foot and leg development. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop mighty torso... ALSO... while they last, a copy of "HOW TO FIGHT." Shows shortcuts to art of self-defense direct from champions.



MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 9307  
366 East 153rd St., New York 55, N. Y.  
Send the "WHITELY GYM" at once and include my 2 free gifts.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 deposit. I will pay postman balance of \$7.98 plus postage.  
☐ Enclosed find \$8.98 in full payment.  
It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return the "WHITELY GYM" and you will refund my \$8.98.

(SERVICEMEN NOTE: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Mailing will not permit shipments to F.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....





# The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



## I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

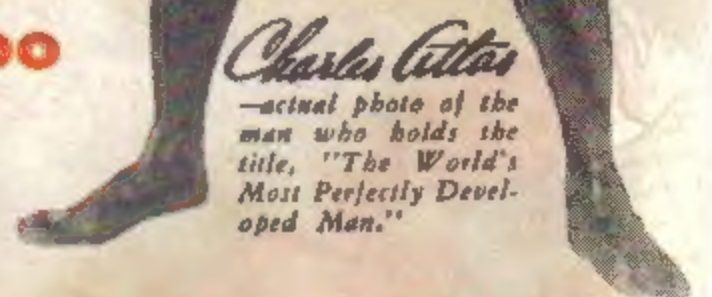
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 82G 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



*Charles Atlas*  
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 82G**  
**115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

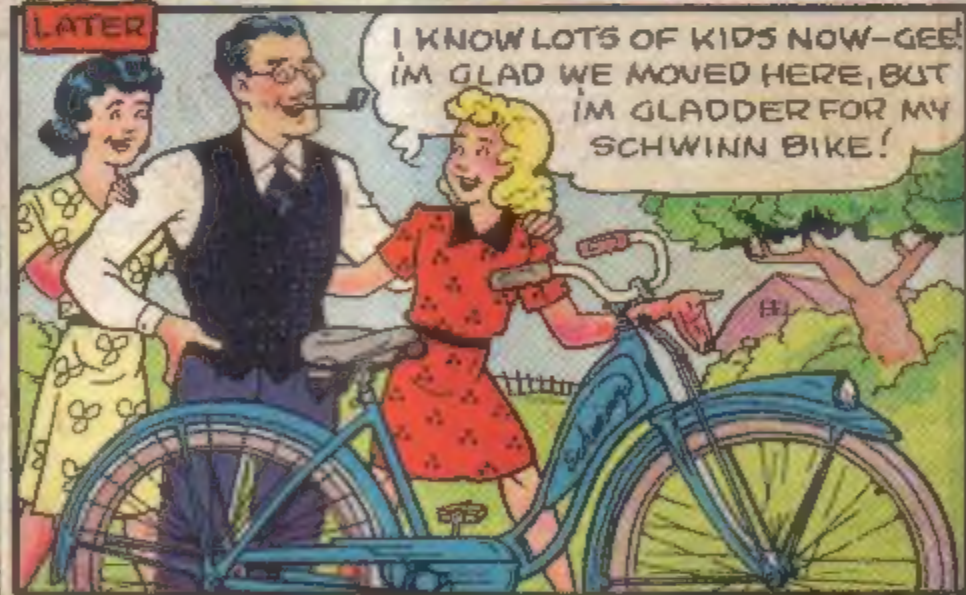
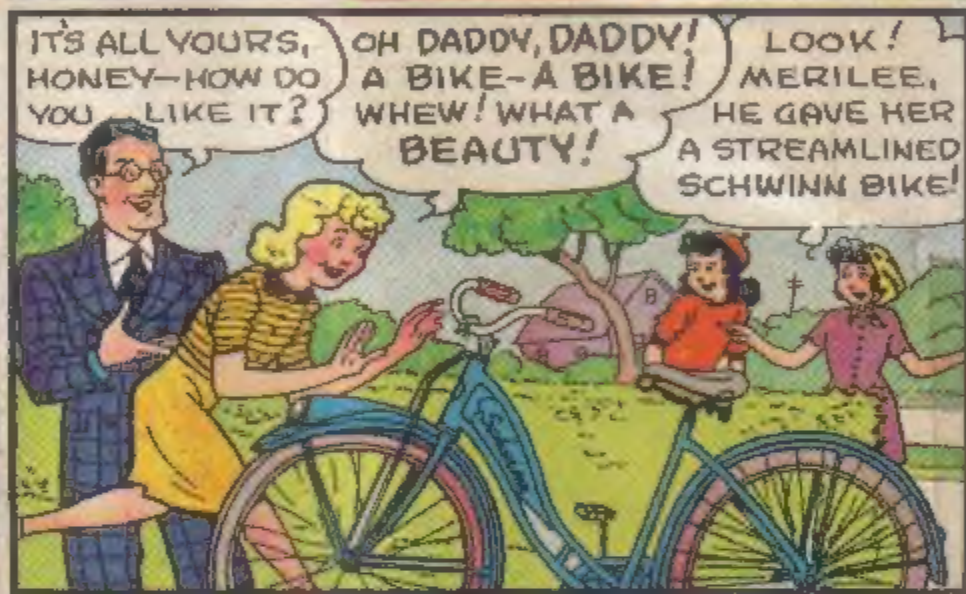
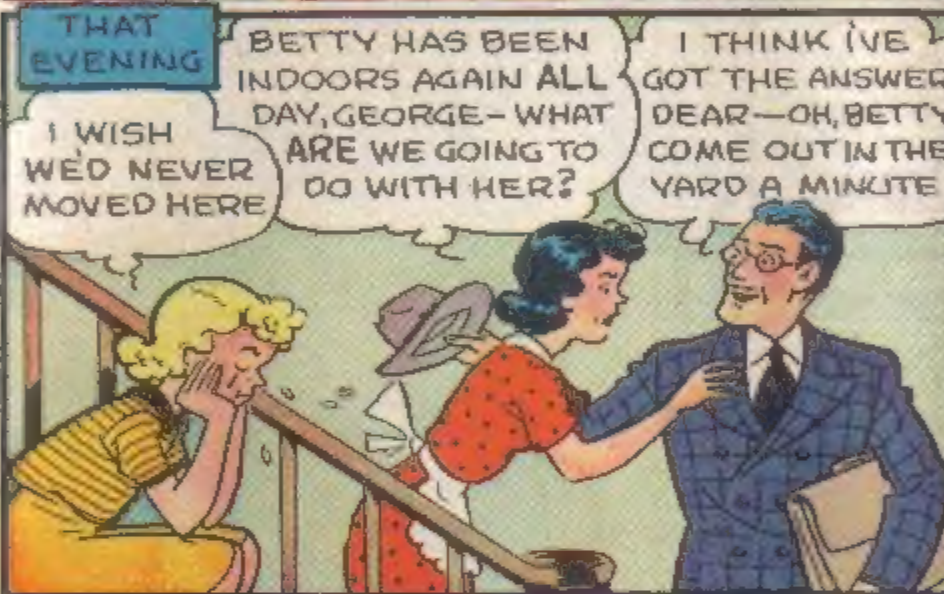
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# MERILEE PEDDELS



HELPS BETTY  
MAKE  
NEW FRIENDS



HEY! KIDS— GET THIS BIG, EXCITING MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER **FREE!**



It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1715-A N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1715 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois